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Saddled
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Saddled

Delilah Devlin

Dedication

For every woman who ever lusted for a cowboy...or two.

Chapter One

Bobby Blackhawk shook his head as the taillights of the little Beemer just ahead flashed red again through the falling snow. Sure enough, as soon as the driver crunched the brakes, the tail end of the car began to slide on the snow-covered ice.

“She’s gonna go right into the river if she keeps that up,” Cale Yancey muttered beside him.

They’d been following the car for the last ten miles, inching down the lonely highway. They’d already figured out the car wasn’t using snow chains, and the driver was too stupid to know she was skirting on the edge of real trouble.

“Why are you so sure it’s a woman?” Bobby asked.

“Can’t drive worth a damn.”

“Love for you to tell Lacey J. that.”

“Lacey’s not like other women.”

Now, that was an understatement that had them both sharing lopsided grins, considering how well Lacey had proven that point the previous weekend.

“Sure could use me a little of her lovin’,” Cale said, sounding wistful.

The last trip into Wellesley, Colorado in anticipation of snow blocking the mountain pass had been a wild, lust-packed two days.

With a lonely winter facing them, they'd both taken Lacey up on her offer of a threesome that was sure to keep the two men growling like hungry bears for the next two months, impatient for the thaw so they could get back down the mountain.

It was a good thing they'd discovered long ago that they were compatible in ways that would make most men blanch, otherwise the wait to make it back into town would have been unbearable. Neither was squeamish about helping the other out; however, both preferred emptying their passion inside the wet, snug passage of a woman. If the woman happened to be obliging, like Lacey often was, they didn't mind sharing.

Both vehicles climbed the last long hill right before the men's turnoff and another half-mile beyond to the highway, tire treads biting into fresh snow.

"She might make it," Cale said, sounding doubtful.

"Think we better follow to make sure?"

The car ahead made it to the top of the rise, and then the brake lights flashed again.

Cale cursed. "Wish she'd quit doing that."

Rental company plates on the back of the car explained a lot about the aptitude of the driver. "Doesn't know she should just gear down and take it slow."

They reached the top, and Bobby geared down. Sure enough, the driver up ahead hit the brakes again, and the rear of the car slid sideways. As though watching a movie in slow motion, both men held their breaths, hoping the woman would gain traction at the last moment, but one rear tire slid off the edge of the road and then the

right front followed. With tires spinning and brake lights flaring bright, the car slipped slowly down the hill and into the creek.

“Not good,” Cale said tightly as Bobby pulled into the snow bank at the side of the road and left his emergency lights flashing. Just a precaution since there wasn’t much of a chance of anyone coming up on their rear end since the road crew had been taking the barriers off the truck when they’d passed.

Bobby slammed the car into park and climbed out, following Cale as he slid on his ass down the hill. They paused at the water’s edge, staring at the vehicle, both knowing one of them was going to have to get wet.

Water was midway up the car door, and the driver had rolled down her window. Blonde hair peeked beneath a black knit hat. Terror-stricken blue eyes peered at them through the falling snow.

“Ma’am, can you get yourself out?” Cale shouted.

“I think so,” she said, her voice tight and quavering.

“If you can crawl out your window, we can help you the rest of the way.”

“I’m getting wet. It’s cold.”

“Gotta move now, sweetheart,” Cale said, his tone gentling the same way it did when he worked with a fractious horse. “You wait another second, two of us are gonna be in trouble.”

“My purse. I can’t find it.” She turned in her seat, reaching into the back of the car.

The car bobbed on the water, and for a moment, Bobby thought it might break free and start floating. “Lady, leave it,” he shouted. “You don’t have time to look.”

“But my money—”

“Not gonna spend it if you’re dead.”

She bit her lip, and then her face screwed up as though she was going to start crying.

“Fuck sake,” Bobby muttered, stepping past Cale and stripping off his coat. “I’ll get her out. It’s gonna be up to you to get us both up that goddamn hill.”

And then he was plunging into water so cold his legs went instantly numb. He reached her door, stretched an arm inside her window and unbuckled her belt. Her skin was too pale, her body shaking violently. She was entering hypothermia, and he was fast on her heels.

“Sweetheart, you have to help me a little bit. *Please.*” Then he reached inside and pulled her, dragging her out, using brute force and knowing he was banging her around the window frame, but he had to be quick because the cold was sapping his strength.

As soon as her legs cleared the window and fell back into the water, she moaned, but he turned with her, slung an arm around her waist and half-dragged her back to the edge of the bank.

Cale reached for them both, but Bobby shoved her at him. “Get her to the car first. I’ll be right behind you.”

Cale gave him a sharp glance but didn’t argue. There wasn’t time. He bent and heaved the woman over his shoulder and then clumsily made his way up the hill and out of sight.

Bobby took only two steps out of the water before his legs gave out, and he fell to the ground on his knees. Shivering with cold, he

stuck his hands under his arms and huddled inside the coat he'd left behind, knowing he'd have to be hauled up the hill too.

It seemed only a moment later and Cale was kneeling beside him. "Your turn, buddy."

Bobby tried to give him a smile, but he was just too damn tired and his face felt frozen.

"Can't carry you. Dammit, you have to help."

"Gimme a minute. Too cold," Bobby managed to mumble, but Cale's hands were already under his arms and tugging him hard. "Just a minute. I'll...walk."

"You're in no condition, but this is gonna be slow. I'm not leaving you here."

"Woman...gotta get her warm."

"Just shut up," Cale bit out. "She's in the truck. Got the heat goin' full blast."

"S good," Bobby said, trying to keep his mind clear, but he was tired. So goddamn tired, and he couldn't feel his arms and legs. One last moment of clarity and it struck him that he might die. "Leave me."

"No fucking way." The tone of his best friend's voice was rough, deeper than usual.

If he could have, Bobby would have smiled. The only time Cale got this shook up was when his cock was deep, his balls tightening and on the verge.

By the time Cale fell through the front door of the cabin with his final burden, he was shivering hard.

Bobby hadn't spoken a word in too long. The woman was still unconscious, lying in the same spot he'd dropped her before he'd headed back to the truck for his friend.

Bed, he had to get them both into bed. He let Bobby slide to the floor and walked on wooden feet to his room, tore back the quilt, turned on the electric blanket and then began to strip as he headed back for them both.

The woman was in the worst shape, but he carried her to the bedroom, sat her on the edge of the bed and stripped her as fast as his frozen fingers could manage before drying her with his clothes, then scooting her to the far side of the mattress and covering her up.

Then it was back for Bobby, whom he had to drag by his arms. Once his friend was stripped and lying on the bed, Cale stoked the wood-burning furnace and crawled up between them, pulled the covers over them all and tried to still the shivers that racked his own body sandwiched between two frighteningly cold bodies.

He pulled them both close on either side of him and wondered as he drifted off to sleep if any of them would make it through the night.

Despite their dire circumstance, Cale couldn't help thinking that the girl they'd rescued was just the type the two of them would have rushed toward in a bar, crowding her between them as they both jockeyed for attention.

More often than not, Bobby would win the competition. With his glib tongue and darkly handsome face, he'd lead the woman away, grinning at him over his shoulder.

Cale might have been left a time or two with a hard-on he couldn't ease, but he hadn't really minded. Not much, anyway. He knew his limitations when it came to attracting a woman like this. He'd noted the lush pink and cream curves he'd uncovered when he'd stripped the woman raw. With pale, shimmering hair and a face so sweet and perfectly formed, he knew he'd have been left tongue-tied and staring.

That something as classy as this woman was lying right beside him had him thinking that maybe this wasn't such a bad way to go.

Katherine Duvall awoke as sensation flooded her feet and hands—sharp prickling pinches that made her moan.

“Yeah, it's gonna hurt. But it's a good sign sweetheart,” a man whispered against her hair. “And there's no frostbite. I checked.”

He'd checked? One fact penetrated her pain-filled fog. He'd done a lot more than checked. She was naked. And his bare-naked body was pressed up against her back, a penis nudging her bottom.

“Where are my clothes?” she gasped, choking on outrage and fear.

“Had to shuck 'em. They were soaked.”

She remembered the car sliding into the water. But why wasn't she in a hospital? “Where am I?”

“In my cabin. Couldn’t chance taking you back to Wellesley. Snow’s comin’ down too hard.”

Her fingers stung, and she pulled her hands from under the covers to peer at them in the inky darkness. “How long have I been here?”

“Maybe an hour. Was worried about you two. You both passed out.”

“Both?”

“Bobby went into the creek after you. He’s not in much better shape.”

She edged carefully away from his body, instantly missing the warmth and rolled onto her back to get her first view of her “rescuer”. What she saw didn’t do a whole lot to alleviate her fears.

The man lying beside her was enormous—a broad-shouldered shadow. Her heartbeat thudded against her chest as her alarm grew, and she wondered what else he might have done while she’d been out.

“Let me get the lamp. You sound like you’re about to freak out.”

About to?

He leaned away. A light flickered on from a bedside table, and she got her first clear glimpse of the stranger in the bed beside her. He leaned on his elbows, his expression taut as she stared back. Shaggy, brown hair, thick dark brows over deep-set eyes. His skin was deeply tanned, his chest and abdomen a study in light and shadow as muscles rippled as he breathed. The thick fur covering his chest glinted with red and gold where the light struck it.

Then she caught a glimpse of another body outlined beneath the covers on his opposite side. “Just what the hell do you think you’re doing?”

“It’s not what it looks like,” he said softly, a smile turning up the tips of his mouth. “Swear. I had to get you both warm.”

She pulled the edge of the blanket higher over her chest and scooted away from him, caught by a hard shiver.

“You’re still chilled. The electric blanket’s set low. Didn’t want to damage tissue as I heated you both up.”

A groan sounded beyond the bear-like man. “Goddamn, would you both shut up? Fuck, everything hurts.”

“Bobby, you need to wake up. We got a problem here.”

The figure huddled under the blanket stirred and rolled toward them with a moan. When he came up on an elbow, air hissed through Kate’s teeth. The man was even more attractive than the first, and she was wondering if she’d woken up on the wrong side of heaven. This one wasn’t as large but was every bit as ripped. And his wide chest was hairless, his face austere, scraped clean over high cheekbones and a jutting jaw. An Indian by his bronze skin, even without seeing the long black hair that filtered around his shoulders.

Still, they were both naked. And sharing a bed with her. *And* she didn’t know if she was safe or about to be molested. After all she’d felt an erection prodding her bottom.

She took a quick, silent inventory. The parts of her that weren’t busy thawing didn’t feel any different. She’d know, wouldn’t she, if he’d already taken advantage of her?

“We’re not going to hurt you, lady,” Bobby said. “We saved your life. Get back under the covers and snuggle close. You’ll warm up faster. Can’t have you getting sick, seeing as how you’ll be stuck here for a while.”

Her heart stuttered, then began to race. “What? I can’t stay here.”

“Don’t know if you noticed,” Bobby replied, “but there’s a storm outside. The roads are closed. No one’s getting in or out.”

She opened her mouth to make another protest, but she shivered again and moaned as the pain intensified in her fingertips.

“You’re gonna have to trust us,” the big guy said. “If something comes up between us, you’ll just have to ignore it. My body’s warmer than yours even though I’ve been stuck between two blocks of ice for an hour.”

Color filled her cheeks. She shivered for another few moments and then gave in to the offer of warmth. Facing away, she settled on her side and held her breath as he snuggled close again. When his arm came over her waist, she jumped but calmed as he shushed her gently.

The embarrassment and fear was a small price to pay for the heat his body generated.

“Just go to sleep,” he muttered. “This is as close as I’m gonna get.”

It was close enough. Again, his cock was upright and poking at her bottom.

“Don’t know how it’s staying hard,” he whispered. “Your ass is cold.”

A gust of laughter surprised her. “Serves you right. Should have kept your underwear on.”

“Lady, you always this grumpy?” came Bobby’s slurred whisper.

“No. I’m just not used to waking up in bed beside strangers.”

Bobby grunted and slid closer to the bigger man’s back. She knew because his hand reached right across the body between them to land on her hip. “Fuck, I’m cold.”

Cale lifted his upper leg. He was relieved the woman hadn’t starting screaming the house down, but he was embarrassed just the same that she’d noticed he was aroused. “Slide whatever you need to warm up between my legs.” He slid his ankles forward, capturing the woman’s feet between them.

She sighed and settled deeper against him. “Can’t believe I’m doing this...”

He wondered if she’d really freak if two cocks poked at her when he felt Bobby’s slip between his legs, nuzzling under his balls. His own gasp at the uncomfortable chill stirred thick, fragrant hair in front of his mouth. She smelled like strawberries. *Nice.*

Spooned front and back, and with his companions warming up nicely, he raised his eyes to the window beyond the bed, thinking it might be an interesting few days while they rode out the storm.

From the sound of the wind howling, shaking the glass and rustling thick drifts of snow over the roof, they might as well hunker down and stay warm inside. Cale tightened his grip on the woman’s

slender waist, slowly drawing her closer, and nestled his face against her soft hair. Yeah, the next few days might get hot as hell.

Chapter Two

Kate muttered a protest when the warm hand cuddling her breast slipped down to her hip.

“Sorry about that,” came a low mutter.

Her eyes sprang open. She took note of the nipple that had tightened into a bud and hoped like hell the man hadn’t noticed. But she thought it was already too late, because the cock digging into her back pulsed gently. It had to be killing him to hold her like this.

But he’d been a gentleman after all. Sharing his body heat, holding still to keep from disturbing her sleep. She hadn’t been as careful. Her feet were snuggled between his legs. Her bottom snuggled even closer to his groin. Sweat had begun to pool between them.

Add the interesting extra factor of the other man included in their embrace, and she thought “The Bear” probably thought he’d died and gone to Hell. She smiled at his discomfort, amazed she’d woken so at ease inside his arms considering her initial reaction, but some of what had happened at the river had sunk into her mind. The two of them really had saved her life.

Objectively, she understood why he’d brought her here, stripped her to her skin and crawled into bed beside her. The man should get a medal.

However, she should have her head examined with the places her hazy waking dreams had taken her. It seemed forever since she'd woken inside a strong, sexy man's embrace. Her ex was slender and desk-soft, and never made her feel safe. And her mind couldn't let go of what Bobby had said about her being "stuck" there for the next few days.

Around and around, thoughts swirled in her mind. Lusty, lewd images magnified by the heat surrounding her and the scents of the two men lying so close—the tang of wood smoke, the light, crisp smell of hay and horses, and male musk...

And her body was right there with her nasty thoughts, warming from the inside out, moistening, tingling...

The devil resting on her shoulder asked, *Why not see where circumstance and sheer desperation had landed her?* It was certainly a more pleasant prospect than she'd had before disaster struck.

She'd fled the ski resort in a fit of pique, devastated because all her plans for her bright, brilliant future had unraveled the moment she'd walked in on her fiancé's little afternoon tryst. Back early from her lessons on the bunny slope, she'd wanted to surprise him with a little of what he'd arranged the trip for—time alone to rekindle their sex life.

The months leading up to the wedding had been hectic, filled with parties and work as they prepared to take a month off to marry and honeymoon. As she'd boarded the flight from Sacramento to Denver, she'd complained about all the last minute details that still needed to be managed. David's angry reaction had taken her aback.

His irritation had made him moody for the entire flight and for the drive up into the Rockies to the resort he'd booked.

She hadn't bothered waking him that morning before she left for the slopes, hoping sleep would ease his sour mood. Lately, he'd grown grumpier and more distant. When questioned, he'd remained taciturn, and lately, they'd spent more nights than not on opposite sides of the bed. She'd thought that maybe he was as stressed out as she was even though he'd left all the arrangements for their nuptials in her hands.

Perhaps he felt neglected. Returning early, determined to repair the rift, she'd swiped her card key in the magnetic lock and gently pushed open the door leading into the suite. The sitting room had been empty, the curtains still closed. She'd dropped her jacket and gloves and unzipped the bodysuit and left it in a pile with her boots, walking in her underwear to the bedroom door.

The bathroom door had been ajar, towels heaped on the floor. He'd showered, so she thought he must have wakened and gone back to bed.

Then she'd heard a noise inside the bedroom. A sigh, followed by a thin, feminine moan.

Thinking he must have turned the television on, she opened the bedroom door and then hung onto the knob in shock for several agonizing moments as her mind wrapped around the sight that had greeted her.

A woman—no, the server who'd flirted with David at the bar the previous night—sat astride David's hips, gliding up and down

while his hands cradled her bottom, his fingers biting deep into her buttocks to quicken the strokes.

Her figure was rail thin, supple, her breasts slight but tipped with cone-like nipples. Her hair, long and dark, had fallen in a soft burnished cloud that bounced between her shoulder blades as she rocked up and down David's long cock.

Neither had noticed her standing there. David's eyes had been glued to the woman's pussy and his own dick. Hers had been squeezed shut.

No wonder he hadn't minded when she'd booked the lesson the previous night. He must have set up the liaison when she'd left to talk to the concierge.

Kate had backed away from the door and closed it.

She'd sat on the sofa in the sitting room, staring at the hands she cupped between her thighs, not because they were still cold, but because they shook. The plans they'd made, the life she'd dreamed of were gone. No doubt if she'd confronted him then and there, he'd have found a way to place the blame for his slip on her.

He'd made her feel guilty as hell the last time he'd cheated. And because she'd been impressed with his wealth, impressed with the people he knew and the places he took her, she'd come to believe she could live with that. That maybe the people who lived in the upper stratosphere of society operated on a different ethical code.

She'd forgiven him and turned a blind eye to the late nights he spent at the office. When he'd insisted on the trip, part of her had

been relieved that he seemed to be eager to spend time alone with her, loving only her.

Now she knew the truth—that any willing pussy would suffice, and that the fact his fiancé had been skiing on the slopes outside the resort only added to the thrill. For the rest of her life, she could expect him to fuck the maids, the secretaries, maybe even her friends—so long as she was willing to look the other way and shine on his arm when he needed to play the role of family man in public.

Kate had sat there shivering, glancing down at her lacy underwear, worn especially for him, and made up her mind from one heartbeat to the next that she deserved more.

She'd walked to the suitcase she hadn't had a chance to unpack the previous evening and pulled out a pair of jeans and a sweater, grabbed her jacket and purse, then went to the counter of the kitchenette, swiped up the keys to their rental car and left her diamond ring in their place. She wouldn't bother with the case, with her clothes. She just needed to get away fast.

The slamming of the hotel room door had gotten his attention. Dismayed, he'd followed her down the hallway. She'd stood in the elevator with a wide-eyed older couple as he'd pleaded, and her response had been to yank the towel from his waist and wave it as the doors slid closed.

She'd been stupid to think the sun rose and set in David Winter's lying blue eyes. She'd been shortsighted thinking that her life would be so much better with his money to console her when he travelled for business or worked extra hours. How long had she

worn blinders, determinedly ignoring all the signs the man was a cheat and would never be satisfied with just one woman in his life?

On the drive down the mountain, as she'd slowed to a snail's crawl because she hadn't bothered to heed the bell staff's warnings about buying a set of snow chains, she'd had plenty of time to think. She'd known all along she'd never be happy with him. She'd let herself be swayed, comparing the heavily weighted "pro" side of the column against the single item in "con" side. There were so many qualities to admire about him that she'd wanted desperately to make their relationship work. As impressive as his good looks, wealth and connections were, she'd been turned inside out by his skill as a lover, and she knew she'd miss that. *Deeply*.

But now, fate had given her a chance to prove to herself that sex with David wasn't the best she'd ever have.

If the thick, blunt instrument denting her backside was any indication, she'd find plenty of proof that there were other men out there who could give her just as much pleasure as the smooth and confident man who'd swept her off her feet with his practiced moves.

But how could she broach the subject now after making such a fuss?

She pretended to murmur in her sleep and scooted closer.

Teeth ground; a muffled laugh from Bobby made the mattress quiver beneath her. And she wondered at the fact the two men seemed so comfortable snuggled up so close.

Maybe they were gay.

The thought arrested her rising excitement. Two beautiful men, a deserted cabin in the middle of a blizzard—and maybe she'd found the only two cowboys in Colorado who wouldn't be eager to share a little sexy heat. What a damn shame that would be.

Kate kept her eyes closed, trying to get a rein on her raging hormones. She didn't know who these guys were, what they were, but she'd been ready to risk everything for a little revenge sex. She was just as low as David, but at least he'd been honest about his needs.

Disappointed with herself, she held still as the man behind her began to move.

"Gotta put more logs in the furnace," Cale muttered. He had to get away.

He'd woken with his hand cupping a slice of heaven, a perky little nipple poking at his palm. He was as hard and horny as a man could get, and he needed some space to get control of himself before he gave the woman a damn good reason to be afraid.

Bobby mumbled a protest and pressed closer, not willing to lose the warm place he'd drifted in his sleep.

"Snuggle up to our guest while I'm gone." Cale extricated himself from his embrace and crawled down to the foot of the mattress.

The mattress rose. Footsteps padded away. Bobby cracked open one eye and looked across to the blonde still huddled at the far side of the mattress. Her breaths hadn't deepened, she hadn't made a

single murmur, but instinct told him she was wide awake. Since she wasn't jumping up and screaming her head off, he wondered how far she'd let him get before making some noise.

He sighed as though he was annoyed and scooted across the mattress. When he carefully draped an arm around her waist, she rolled to her back, her eyes still closed tightly.

Her face was growing pink across her cheeks.

A smile tugged at his lips, and he closed his eyes too, peeking at her from beneath his lashes as he tightened his arm, which rode just beneath her breasts. A little quiver gave away her excitement. Coming closer, he pretended to sleepily nuzzle the corner of her shoulder and swept his thigh over her hip, bringing his cock up against her.

It twitched and hardened.

"Really think I'd sleep through that?" she whispered breathily.

He opened his eyes to find her baby blues staring back at him. "Who says I thought you were asleep?"

Her nose wrinkled. "Think he noticed?"

"I think he's a little preoccupied with the part of him that's hurting to know you've been playin' possum on us."

"You don't seem to mind."

One dark eyebrow arched in wicked delight. "Neither do you."

She sucked her lower lip between her teeth as though she was thinking hard about her decision. Then she gave him a coy look from beneath her gold-tipped lashes. "Think he'd be mad if we raised the stakes on the game?"

Bobby's lips twitched. "Gonna make him suffer a little longer?"

"Would he? I wasn't sure you two weren't...you know...together."

Bobby trailed a finger down her cheek. "Sometimes we are. But usually only out of necessity. Your being here is an unexpected blessing for us both."

Footsteps scraped outside the bedroom door. "He's coming," she whispered.

They both closed their eyes and scooted closer.

The soft scrapes neared the bed, and Cale muttered a curse under his breath.

Bobby nearly laughed, knowing Cale was regretting giving up his place beside her. But Cale surprised him, crawling onto the bed on the other side of the woman, squeezing up against the wall.

Bobby cracked his eyes open. "She's still asleep," he whispered, more for her sake than Cale's.

Cale stretched out on his side, facing them both. "Do you think she's gonna press charges if she wakes up between the two of us?"

"Maybe we should make goin' to jail worthwhile," he said with a wicked jag of his eyebrows.

Cale grinned and glanced at the woman lying quietly between them. His chest rose on a hopeful sigh. "She's mighty pretty."

"Maybe we should have a peek at the rest of her...while she's sleeping." Bobby bit back a chuckle when her breaths stilled altogether. She wasn't telling them not to—that was close enough to permission for him.

“Maybe we’re crossing a line here,” Cale said.

“A peek. It’s not like we’re gonna molest her anything. Just seein’ what we’ve been touchin’ all along.”

“Yeah,” Cale muttered. “More than goddamn touchin’.”

Before Cale’s conscience put a halt to his play, Bobby slowly pulled back the edge of the covers, exposing her breasts to both their gazes.

“Nice,” Cale whispered. “Much prettier when they’re not blue.”

“Look soft too. Maybe I should just make sure.”

“Bobby...” Cale said shaking his head.

The woman had other ideas, sucking in a deep breath and muttering softly, then gliding her hand up her belly to rest atop one breast, her thumb and forefinger framing a nipple.

“Almost like she’s offering us a taste...”

“Buddy,” Cale said, warning in his voice. “We saved her life. Doesn’t mean she owes us a thing.”

“Maybe she just wants things to get a whole lot hotter. Ever think about that?”

Kate felt ready to scream the way the two men kept talking, staring at her, both of their cocks hardening against her sides, but not doing a damn thing to take the decision out of her hands. She wanted them to because she was basically a coward. Her plan was simple: let them get all worked up and begin some sexy little caresses, she’d wake up and be taken by surprise but already be so

aroused she couldn't help but go along with it. At least that was her story, and she'd stick to it until the day she died.

But it seemed like the one "not Bobby" had some scruples about taking advantage of an unconscious woman. *Hell.*

She opened her eyes, her gaze swinging from one frozen face to the wicked gleam in Bobby's eyes. "Hi," she whispered, wanting to groan she sounded so lame.

"Hi yourself," the unnamed man said, grabbing the edge of the cover to pull it back up. But he tugged to no avail, because Bobby wouldn't let it go.

"It's okay. I'm a little warm," she said, her voice sounding a little high-pitched even to her own ears.

"It's not what it seems," he said, glaring at Bobby. "We just woke up and were getting ready to wake you and see how you felt."

"Right, we're all interested in how you feel," Bobby said.

"Uh huh," she murmured, narrowing her gaze on Bobby. Then she turned to The Bear. "I'm much better. All warm. Nothing stinging anymore. Thanks. You two saved my life."

"I went into the river after you," Bobby said, drawing her attention back.

Interesting that he thought he had to compete. "I remember. Thanks to you, too."

"I hauled your a—" the big guy cleared his throat. "I got you up the bank and into the car, drove you here and..."

"Stripped me naked. I know. It was necessary. I do understand."

“Guess, since you’re warm and all, we should probably get dressed,” he mumbled.

Not where she wanted this to go. “It’s dark outside. Wouldn’t you just have to get right back in bed?”

“There is another b—”

Bobby coughed, cutting off his friend. “You’re right. Maybe we could just keep to our own sides.”

“Seems you already have your own sides,” she said softly.

Green eyes widened.

Bobby snickered. “Not a whole lot we can do from those sides.”

“Really?” she said and stretched, arching her back and sighing with satisfaction when both males dropped their gazes to her breasts. She squeezed the hand still cupping a nipple. “I’m thinking there are two interesting places to start.”

There, she’d said it. How much clearer did she have to be?

“Just to get this straight,” the slow one said, his voice deepening. “You are awake, right? And I’m not dreamin’?”

“I’m thinking I’m still dreaming,” she teased. “Two handsome men beside me in bed. Everyone warm and cozy. But you’re right. It might feel more real if I actually had some names to attach to my dream men.”

“I’m Bobby,” Bobby said, lifting his hand as though they’d been introduced in church.

She took the hand warming her breast and placed it inside his palm. “Katherine, but you can call me Kate.”

“I’m Cale,” the other man said, leaning closer.

She glanced from one to the other and slowly smiled. “Since we know each other so well now, do you think we could dispense with manners? That or I’m going to have to ask you both to leave because something awfully embarrassing seems to be happening to me.”

“What’s that, sweetheart?” Bobby crooned.

“I’m wet,” she whispered.

“*Dayum.*” Cale breathed deeply.

Bobby lifted one dark brow.

“Bobby,” Cale said, swallowing hard. “Under the sink in the bathroom.”

“Huh?” Bobby raised both eyebrows then met Cale’s gaze. “Yeah, be right back.” He rolled off the bed. “Fuck, the floor’s cold.”

Kate swung her gaze to Cale.

“We’ll take care of you.”

The way he said it, so solemnly, sent a shiver down her spine. His meaning finally sunk in. She hadn’t given a single thought to protection. “It’s weird, but I trust you.”

“Don’t trust that bastard.”

She smiled. “He’s your friend.”

“Yeah, I know him best. And he tends to shoot first and then cuss.”

Kate couldn’t stop the giggle that erupted sharp and quick. “So you’re the nice one?”

“Uhhhh...maybe just the one who thinks with more than his dick.”

Her breath caught at the mention of the part of his body snuggled closest to her hip. “I’ve never done anything like this before.”

“Don’t have to explain a thing.”

“I know. Just thought you might like to know a little about me. Besides the fact I don’t look good blue.”

“Oh you’re pretty whatever color you are. Even red-cheeked like now.”

Bobby padded back to the bedroom. “Didn’t know how many we’d need. So I brought the box.”

“Good for a start,” Cale muttered.

“So, you’re not nice,” she drawled, “but you are pretty sure of yourself.”

“We know our way around a lady’s body,” Cale said, in that same solemn tone. “Trust us not to scare you?”

“I’m not easily frightened. Not by anything you two might bring.”

Bobby slipped under the covers and came in close, a hand sweeping over her belly under the covers. “Maybe I should check and see if you’re about to make a mess of the sheets.”

She wrinkled her nose. “That wasn’t sexy.”

“You’re wrong, Kate,” he said, his voice a smooth, whispering caress. Fingers trailed downward, slipping between her legs.

Her thighs clamped hard around his hand and then slowly eased as he gently slid between her folds.

“Relax. Just gettin’ acquainted.”

“Now that we’re on a first name basis...?”

“First base, second. What’s touching a wet pussy, Cale?”

“I’m not much into fucking baseball,” Cale said, still holding back.

“But he is into fucking women,” Bobby said, his fingers gliding deeper, touching the edges of her furled lips. “If you wondered about us.”

“I thought you might be gay,” she said, answering his teasing tone. “Until a couple somethings kept poking at me.”

“Would it matter if we weren’t all that particular about what we poked?”

Kate blinked. “I don’t know. Um, are you talking each other or me, at the same time?”

“How ‘bout both?”

Kate’s body answered the question, releasing a gush of arousal that made Bobby moan as he dipped deeper into her. “She’s okay with it. Now, let’s stop talking circles around it and just fuck.”

Cale grunted, giving her one last look that seemed to ask her permission.

Could she really do this? She was far, far away from home. No one would ever know.

She reached up, threaded her fingers into the thick hair at Cale’s nape and dragged him down to her mouth.

His kiss was soft, exploring, lips molding hers in sexy circles. She parted her lips and then gasped into his mouth as Bobby dove under the covers and tunneled toward her legs. Hands pushed open her thighs and another set of lips smoothed over her mound and nipped the soft flesh. She opened wider.

Cale lifted his head, rolled the covers down to her waist and leaned over her to slide his mouth from her shoulder to the top of one breast. She cradled his head against her, and kept her eyes open, trained on the ceiling as sensations bombarded her. Hot and cold at the same time, rasping caresses, slick mouths...

She shivered.

“Cold?” Cale said softly.

“No. But can we lose the blanket? I want to move. Have to see,” she said, gritting her teeth because Bobby had just plunged fingers deep inside her pussy.

“Sure thing, baby.” He picked up the edge of the blanket and flung it toward the end of the bed, revealing Bobby who was kneeling between her legs.

His head came up and he gave them both a wink. “I think we can keep this heated up here.”

Her laugh turned into a groan when Cale’s mouth latched onto a nipple and sucked hard, his tongue stroking over the tip inside his mouth.

Bobby spread her with one hand, tugging her labia upward to expose her clit, then dove between her legs.

All coherent thought blew Kate’s mind as the two men turned up the heat, sexy swirls of tongues and fingers going to work on her simultaneously. She widened her legs, raised her knees and stretched out her arms to grab fistfuls of the sheet beneath her to anchor her because she felt like she was flying apart.

Bobby withdrew and then slipped three fingers inside her, curving his hand upward to rub his fingertips against her G-spot.

Cale released the breast he'd drawn into a point and slipped across her chest, his hand keeping the wet nipple warm as he suckled its twin.

Kate's thighs stiffened, widening more, and her hips began to dance upward, pumping to pull on the fingers twisting and rubbing inside her. When arousal began to tighten inside her womb, she moaned.

"Easy there," Bobby whispered. "Want to come this way? Want to come now?"

She wanted to shout "yes" because they had her wound so tight, but it had been so fast, so fierce that part of her was reluctant for it to end. "Too fast," she gasped.

Cale let go of her breast and shifted, coming up on his knees beside her and placing both hands over her breasts, continuing to massage her while he glanced back at Bobby.

Bobby's lips curved, and he pulled away his fingers. "Haven't even kissed you yet." He crawled up her body as Cale's hands slid away, and stretched out on top of her. His cock dug into her belly, thick and hard. His mouth stopped to scoop at both breasts, one at a time, but then he was above her, reaching out to enclose her hands and pluck them from the sheets. His fingers entwined with hers, and he brought them beside her head.

The play up to this point had been slightly impersonal—fast and fun—but now, staring into his taut face, free of any amusement, she swallowed, crashing back to earth with a lurch, knowing she was really doing this, really going let two men fuck her.

Her body was ripe for it, her pussy drenched, her nipples sensitized to the point of pain. When his mouth descended, she mewled because even the kiss felt more intimate, more of a commitment to their pleasure and their journey together than she'd ever felt with David. Which shook her.

"Want to change your mind?" Bobby asked softly. "You can. We won't hold it against you. Maybe you want to think about it some more."

She searched his gaze and found no recrimination, only the same sensual tension that kept her body hot and tight. Her gaze swung to Cale, who nodded sharply as though he was beyond the point of being verbal. She'd had a boyfriend like that once. He'd rutted like a goddamn animal, never gave her praise or sweet words, but had fucked like a god.

"I'm not changing my mind," she said, holding Cale's glance. The lifting of his chest, the unclenching of the fists resting on his knees was enough to convey his relief.

God, he wanted this as much as she did.

Bobby smoothed back her hair, tucking a lock behind her ear. "Want to try something? Might hurt a bit, but we can stop any time you want. You're in charge."

With her face so close to his she could see the excitement he tried to bank in his eyes. "What do you want to do?" she asked, nearly breathless herself.

"Let us take you at the same time. Share your pussy with us both."

“You think you’ll both fit?” she asked, incredulous, because neither cock was small.

“You’ll be surprised what arousal will let happen.” His dark brows wagged. “And baby, I’ve been down there, you’re plenty ready for it.”

She wrinkled her nose. “I’m not sure I like you all that much. You’re making fun of me again.”

“Better than me crying, don’t you think? Because, baby, I’m hurtin’ bad.”

A smile tugged at her lips. “We can try it, but you’ll stop, right? If I say so?”

“You’re in charge.”

She nodded, taking a deep breath, and let them turn her on her side, facing Bobby. She thought she might have preferred staring into Cale’s face, because he didn’t make her feel so exposed, her desire so naked and openly lustful.

A foil wrapper landed on the side of Bobby’s face, and he screwed up his expression in disgust. But he didn’t hesitate, tearing the foil with his teeth and curving his torso to look down at himself as he rolled the latex circle down his cock.

From the noises behind her, Cale was doing the same, and Kate wished she could have had an eyeful of his cock as well. Bobby’s made her mouth water. Thick, maybe seven inches long, it thrust from a sparse nest of black hair at his groin without a single curve or kink. A deeper bronze than the flesh of his belly, the tip was flushed and almost violet.

Bobby smoothed a palm over her hip while Cale stretched out behind her and came close, his cock once again prodding her bottom. Bobby brought his hips flush with hers, and lifted her thigh to drape over his. He reached between them, fit his cock at her entrance and then glanced up to catch her gaze. “Watch me come into you,” he whispered.

Kate blew between her lips and dropped her gaze, trembling as his belly rippled and he curved it again to thrust inside her, sliding slowly up, then beginning a series of sexy little in and out glides to work his way deeper. The ridge around his crown rubbed just the right spot, and she opened her mouth to gasp. Satisfaction stretched his lips into a happy smile.

“Maybe you’re nicer than I thought,” she said softly.

“Don’t mistake the fact your cunt pleases the hell out of me for nice, sweetheart. Cale’s got that end all covered.”

Yes he did. His hands cupped her ass, spreading her cheeks, and his cock glided right over her back entrance, pushing past her pussy.

“You’re sliding under my balls,” Bobby said, gritting his teeth. “Don’t move for a second.” His face flushed a deep red; his lips tightened against his teeth.

The pleasure flooding his expression leached away his cocky self-assurance, and Kate could only stare as he struggled to maintain control.

When his breathing evened out a bit, he reached between their bodies and pulled open her labia, which were clasping him tight. “There you go, Cale. Push inside. Neither of us is gonna last long.”

When Cale's cock slid back and pushed at the bottom of her pussy, she winced. "I don't think this is gonna work. Not enough room."

"Relax, sweetheart," Bobby said, bringing his head up to capture her lips in a swift, hot kiss.

Then Cale was prodding her again, his fingers slipping inside her, behind Bobby's cock, and opening her more, and, at last, the tip of his cock crammed inward.

Kate whimpered, stiffening between them, her frantic gaze meeting Bobby's. He ended the kiss and slid his cheek alongside hers. "Relax. Let him in."

And then they were both inside her pussy, both beginning to move—so thick they stretched her, burned her inner tissues. But fluid was washing down her channel, coating them both in warmth, lubricating her vagina as they churned in slow, short strokes as Cale crammed deeper.

"What does it feel like?" she whispered to Bobby. "Having him squeezing up against you?"

Bobby's mouth opened around a groan. "What does it feel like to you?"

"Tight, full...I'm not gonna last another second."

"Then come. We'll both be right there with you."

Both men gripped her body at the hips and waist and plunged upward, shoving deep, and Kate couldn't hold back. Her body quaked between them; her back bowed, slamming against Cale's chest. Her thigh clutched Bobby's hip hard, and her hands gripped his shoulders as the two moved in unison, fucking into her.

Kate felt caught between two rival storms, buffeted on both sides. When her orgasm exploded, she faintly heard the sharpening whimpers she made, and their muffled curses and grunting gasps.

When their bodies shuddered against her, deep groans soaring in the air around her, she had the random thought that she'd never felt so alive or filled with passion.

The men slowly settled, their cocks holding still inside her as their erections waned. The sweat dampening her front and back became chilled, and she must have shivered, because Bobby swore softly.

"Don't wanna come out," he muttered. "Not yet. You gettin' cold?"

She didn't want either to pull away any more than he did. With space, she might rethink what she'd let happen—no, what she'd asked to have done to her—and she wasn't ready for that. "Maybe if you came a little closer..."

"Baby, if I get any closer I'm gonna be breathing for you." But he did lift his hand to cup her shoulder while Cale slid his thigh over her hip.

Completely surrounded, she relaxed, closing her eyes.

"Kate, what the hell were you doin' on that road in a snowstorm?" Cale said, petting her hip.

She didn't want to talk. Didn't want to admit she hadn't given her flight from the lodge any thought for the conditions. "Escaping..."

Bobby's body stiffened against her. "Someone after you?"

“Maybe. Then again, he’s probably just getting busy again with his little whore on the side,” she muttered, glad her heart didn’t ache even a little at the thought.

“You have a husband?” Cale asked. “Not cool, Kate.”

“*Ex-fiancé*,” she said softly, relieved when his tightening body relaxed behind her again.

“What’d he do to send you runnin’?” Bobby asked, his hand smoothing from her shoulder to cup her breast.

“Fucked another woman in our bed,” she said, breathing deeply as he squeezed.

“I see,” Bobby said, his tone neutral. “This a little revenge sex, then? I’m okay with that.”

She couldn’t stop a grin from tilting up the corners of her mouth. “I swear I don’t think I’ve ever met a bigger smart ass than you.”

“And to think, I get to spend my winters with that mouth,” Cale mumbled.

“I don’t know,” Kate drawled. “I kind of like what he does with that mouth when he’s not talking.”

“You do?” Bobby asked with a crooked grin.

Both cocks locked deep inside her began to stir, flooding her pussy and her chest with warmth. “Mmmm-hmm. And if this is what getting a little revenge feels like, I gotta have me some more.”

Chapter Three

Cale listened to his two companions trading quips and wished he was half as easy talking to women. Kate sounded so happy, nestling close to Bobby, that he felt a twinge of jealousy.

He didn't want to be eaten up with jealousy over some woman he barely knew. And he wished like hell he could figure out a way to have her all to himself for a little while, just so he could explore some of those other places Bobby had already test-driven. The thought of sliding his tongue inside her wet, juicy pussy, hearing her moans, all for him, made him restless.

"Maybe you should go check on the livestock," he said, lifting his gaze over her to glare at Bobby.

Bobby's lips twisted, then his gaze narrowed for just a second. "He's right," he said to Kate. "They had plenty of hay and water, but the snow's gonna get deeper before this is through." His forehead met hers for a moment and he groaned. "But I really don't want to come out of your sweet cunt, Katie."

"Do you always talk like that?" she said, half-gasping, half-laughing.

"Why be polite? You're goddamn hot. My cock knows it, and he's already complaining about having to go."

"I promise I'm not going anywhere."

Bobby sighed, then aimed another glare at Cale and slowly eased from her body, his fingers cupping the edges of his condom. Even before his bare feet hit the planked floor, Cale was easing his cock deeper inside her.

Cale smoothed his hand from her hip over the edge of her pelvis and spread his fingers to cup her sex and ring himself, holding the condom firmly in place as he dove deep.

His thumb toggled the knot at the top of her sex, but he held himself still inside her, waiting to see whether she was okay with a little one-on-one with him.

Her hand came over his, halting him.

His breath caught, disappointment twisting deep in his belly.

“Can I turn around?” she whispered. “I’d like to see your face.”

Cale pressed his lips against the top of her shoulder and moved back, pulling out of her, waiting as she rolled to her back.

Then he was climbing on top, spreading her legs with his knees and lowering his body flush with hers. “Am I too heavy?”

“You’re perfect,” she moaned, a smile tipping up the corners of her full, soft mouth. Her hands cupped his chest, fingers threading into his chest hair and tugging. “I’m thinking it was a good thing you were the one to carry us up that hill.”

Cale hadn’t given it a thought. Bobby had been the one smart enough to think on his feet. Bobby would have managed if it had been the other way around, but maybe not as quickly. “It all worked out. That’s all that matters.”

“I agree. This whole trip could have been a disaster. Until now. Ever think that maybe things work out the way they’re supposed to?”

“Like you were meant to be in my bed in the middle of a snow storm? That’s more of a fantasy come true, just pure dumb luck.”

“I mean it. I’ve had my head in the same sad place so long, wasting time on the wrong guy for all the wrong reasons. It’s like my finding him that way, and then you finding me...”

“Don’t paint rosy pictures around this.”

She wrinkled her nose. “Don’t get scared. It’s not like I think I belong here or anything, but I guess what I’m saying is it’s okay for us all to let go.”

Letting go was all he could think about now that his cock was nudging into her moist, hot center. He braced his hands on the mattress and raised his chest from hers. Then he dug his knees into the mattress to leverage his hips and pushed upward, gliding easily through her slick walls until he was balls-deep at last. “Baby, you don’t know how good this feels.”

“Sure I do,” she said, her thighs clutching his hips.

Cale began to rock, stroking in and out, loving the simple, basic motions that allowed him to set the cruise control while he watched the changes in her expression. At first, she smiled, almost politely, then her lips parted and rounded as her breathing deepened. Her nostrils flared, and her eyelids lowered, shuttering their expressive depths as though she could hide what she was feeling, what he was making her feel.

But taking his time gave him the advantage. Her arousal was winding up, causing her heels to dig into the backs of his thighs, her pussy to begin those delicious little quivers that worked their way up and down her channel, massaging his dick and urging him deeper.

Her hands moved from his chest to the corners of his shoulders like she needed something firm, something hard and immovable to hold onto as the tension ratcheted up.

Stroking deep, keeping the rhythm even, he curled his hips just a little at the end of each thrust, just enough to chuff the hair at the base of his groin against her clit. He saw the way she jerked the first time he did it. Then he turned up the heat, grinding harder, deeper, until her eyes squeezed shut and her hips curved higher to meet his strokes.

Her fingers curled, her nails digging into his skin, and he knew she had to be close. Her sweet cunt was squeezing around him, liquefying, cream churning deep inside as he fucked in and out.

“*Jesus, Cale,*” she gasped, biting her lower lip, her eyes opening, desperate, edgy heat flaring in her cheeks.

“Ready, baby?” he whispered.

“Please, oh please,” she whimpered.

Cale came to his knees, pushed her thighs down and cupped her buttocks. Then he held them in his palms, his fingers spreading to dig into the tender flesh as he powered into her, slamming his cock into her and jerking her forward and back to meet his thrusts.

Her back arched off the bed, her breasts shivering with his powerful thrusts. When her breath hitched and a thin high-pitched

wail burst from between her lips, he came, shouting as he blasted her with a furious flurry of short, deep strokes that emptied his balls, flooding the tip of the condom.

He fell over her, sliding skin on skin, nestling closer to her body as she wrapped arms and legs around him and kissed his cheek and shoulder. Her hands soothed his back, slipping over his damp skin, scooping into the small of his back and upward.

Cale lifted his head and glided his mouth across hers. Just a gentle press of lips before he leaned back to see how she was doing.

Her cheeks were a deep rose. Perspiration beaded on her forehead and the edge of her hair. Her eyes were half-closed, and she looked ready to drift into sleep.

“I should get rid of this thing,” he said, slipping a hand between them to ring his dick and hold fast to the flooded condom.

“Do I have to move?”

He gave her a sheepish smile. “If you want, you don’t have to lift a damn finger for next few days. We’ll do all the work.”

Her mouth stretched into a grin. “How’d I get so lucky?”

“Guess it was just meant to happen.”

Bobby halted at the doorway, his eyes narrowing on Cale who was lying on top of Kate. Her knees were slightly bent, hugging his hips. Her arms were draped around his back. His buddy had gotten busy while he was outside tending to business.

From the look of the couple on the bed, they were both spent. He grunted and decided to let them have their little aftermath alone. In the meantime, he added more logs to the wood-burning furnace

and started a bath for their guest, letting the water run until it warmed, then adding Epsom salts since they didn't have anything else to lace the water with that a lady might like.

Too bad her things were in her car. If he had her cell phone, he might have called the boyfriend to let him know she was "in good hands".

As the water gurgled, slowly filling the free-standing tub, he set the temperature in the house a few degrees warmer, wanting it hot enough that clothing would be an option rather than a necessity.

He had a hankering to watch Kate stride naked around the house, and he hoped between the two of them that he and Cale could manage to keep her so turned inside out that she never gave a thought to modesty.

That was the plan anyway. One of them had to be thinking. Cale couldn't get his mind past his dick when a pretty girl interested him. Not that he wasn't a good guy. He just operated on a very primal level with women, which was probably a good thing he worked on this lonely ranch for most of the time. If they had a woman underfoot all the time, they'd never get any work done.

The small ranch had been their dream since they were in high school. Neither had been born to the life, but they'd met in Ag class and dreamed about having their own place. They'd gone into the military together, saved their money and made their plans. When their time was up, they'd pooled resources to make their dreams come true. Everything they had was sunk into this property, not that either of them ever complained.

They were free.

Sure, winters left them stir-crazy, but they tended their animals, spent most of their days outside, sunshine, rain or snow. The work was hard, but they were young and healthy. Next year, they'd be in a place to buy more land. They weren't overly ambitious, but they did have plans to make the place pay, and eventually for them both to lay down deep roots and have families.

It would take a special woman to take either of them on now. The sweet, pampered thing in bed with Cale wasn't it.

That didn't mean they both couldn't enjoy the sweet gift of her company. He strolled back into the bedroom and cleared his throat.

Both heads swung his way. Both faces wore slightly dreamy expressions, and their skin flushed with embarrassment.

"Didn't know you were back, bro," Cale said, grimacing. He reached toward his feet and brought up the blanket to cover both their hips.

Kate's look of gratitude had Bobby tightening. She hadn't minded him looking before.

"I ran you a bath," he said quietly, waiting to see whether she'd made a choice and was sticking with it.

Her eyes widened, then came back to Cale. "I'd like that."

Was she waiting for his permission? Bobby's hands curled at his sides. "Cale, got a minute?"

Cale's mouth pressed into a thin line. He gave Kate an apologetic smile and scooted off the bed, his hand cupping his cock and his soggy damn condom. "What's up?" he asked, striding toward Bobby.

"Just need a word. Let the lady get into her bath in private."

“Sure.”

Bobby walked into the living room, bent to the floor where Cale’s jeans still lay and tossed them at his head.

“What’s got into you?” Cale said, his voice gruff.

“I could ask the same thing. You two looked awful cozy.”

“We were. She’s sweet.”

“And she’s not staying past the storm. Don’t get in too deep. I don’t want you moping around here all winter long.”

Cale’s face reddened. “Buddy, I don’t know what the fuck crawled up your ass, but I wasn’t doing anything you wouldn’t have if you’d had two minutes alone with her.”

“I’d need a sight longer than two minutes.”

The flush in Cale’s cheeks deepened, then the corner of his lips twitched. “Got a little horny watching us, huh?”

“Didn’t stay for the show, if that’s what you wanted to know. But yeah,” he muttered. “Didn’t want you cuttin’ me out.”

“It’s not up to me, buddy.”

Bobby realized they’d squared off like two pit bulls. “Damn. We’ve never been this way with a woman before. Maybe it’s not a good idea for either of us to get too deep.”

Cale raked a hand through his hair. “You’re right. Guess looking in her scared blue eyes when she was in the water got to me.”

Bobby nodded. He’d felt the same tug at his heart strings, but he wasn’t going to let himself forget for a minute this wouldn’t last. “She’s pretty. And she’s got plenty of game. If we keep this light, neither of us will get hurt.”

Cale nodded. "So you gonna help her with her bath?"

Bobby smiled, relieved they were back on track. "I was thinking about crawling right into the tub with her."

He left Cale chuckling as he pulled on his pants and let himself back into bedroom. The bed was empty, the bathroom door open only a narrow crack. Still, she hadn't shut it. Might mean she hoped for a little company.

Bobby eased it open, grinning when he saw her sitting in the deep tub with her head lying against a towel, eyes closed and her knees pulled up and folded to one side.

He ducked back out of the door and quickly stripped, then quietly opened the door again.

It wasn't until he slid his foot into the water and touched hers that her eyes shot open. "What are you doing?"

"Didn't take you for slow," he said, continuing to climb into the bath, facing her, as though she hadn't offered a single protest.

"I'm not," she huffed. "I just thought I might have a few minutes by myself."

"You don't want that. Too much time to think."

"I need to think. I have plans to make and *unmake*."

"Which you can do when you're on your way home," he said, sitting down in the water and sighing. "Right now, you need a whole lot of reasons to be happy you're not with asshole."

"His name's David."

"Like my name for him better."

"I don't know what you're thinking you're going to do in here," she said, her lips pouting. "I'm a little sore."

“I’m not here to fuck you, Kate. I thought you might like a little TLC. I’ll bathe you if you like.”

Her eyes narrowed. “Somehow you don’t come across as the selfless one.”

“I’m not. Just because my dick won’t be getting anything nice sliding over it, doesn’t mean I won’t get pleasure from touching you. Come on. It’s just a bath.”

She swallowed, and her gaze locked with his. “I mean it. I’m feeling a little overwhelmed.”

Bobby sighed. “And I’m sincere about this. Give yourself over to my care. You won’t be disappointed.”

Her frown eased, although her mouth was still crimped into a sullen moue. Then she rooted in the water with a hand, coming up with a wash cloth, which she flung at his chest.

Bobby leaned back, smiling, and eased his feet the length of the tub, enclosing her between his calves.

Her knees leaned upward, moving closer to her chest. “There’s not enough room.”

“Sure there is. We just have to share a little space. Why don’t you give me a leg?” He patted his belly. “Put your foot here.”

She stared at him, at his belly, then dropped her glance to the cock bobbing toward the surface. Her throat moved as she swallowed, but she timidly lifted one leg above the water and set her heel against his abdomen.

Bobby didn’t comment, didn’t dare tease her again. He smoothed his expression free of amusement and worked lather into the wash cloth then gently lifted her foot to wash it.

Slowly, as he passed the cloth over her foot, separating toes and being careful not to tickle, she began to relax. He scrubbed up her ankle, behind her knee and over it, then smoothed up the outside of her thigh.

She pretended unconcern with his direction, but two bright spots of color brightened her cheeks as he slid the cloth between her legs.

He halted just beneath her pussy and patted his belly again.

She was quicker this time to give him the other leg. This time he did smile, pleased with her eagerness for him to proceed.

When he'd finished with the leg, he placed it in the water between his legs. "Why don't you turn around and let me scrub your back?"

Kate sat up and wiped a hand on the towel where she'd rested her head, then reached back to twist her hair and hold it above her damp shoulders. Finally, she turned to give him her back.

"Come closer. I won't be able to reach all the interesting parts from here."

Her soft, disgruntled snort didn't faze him a bit. As soon as he began smoothing the cloth over her back, she leaned her elbow on the rim of the tub and sighed.

"So why don't you tell me what you were doing with a guy who cares so little about you he'd do another girl in the bed he shared with you?"

"I wish I knew."

"Come on, something about him attracted you."

"It's embarrassing."

“There’s no one here but me. Who the hell am I gonna tell?” he said softly, continuing to scrub in soothing circles up and down her spine.

“David and I were introduced by a mutual friend. He’s a junior partner in a prestigious law firm in Sacramento. I write copy for the newspaper. I guess I was flattered when he asked me out. He’s got money, family money, and he knows everyone. My family didn’t have a lot when I was growing up, and I let myself get impressed with everything he offered.” Her head swiveled, and she gave him a look that had his gut tightening. “This wasn’t the first time he cheated.”

“You were willing to put up with that?”

“I thought I could. But when he brought it right inside our bedroom, something snapped. I grabbed his keys and ran.”

“You deserve better than that.”

“Maybe I deserved what I got.”

Bobby dropped the cloth and began to massage her shoulders and back with his bare hands. “Maybe you just haven’t figured out what’s important to you yet.”

“I thought the security he offered would be enough.”

“Money’s important,” he murmured, more to keep her talking than in agreement.

“It didn’t make me happy.”

“Then take some time to figure out what does.” He scooted a little closer and glided his hands around her waist, then reached for the bar of soap and worked up a lather before smoothing sudsy hands over her shoulders and the tops of her breasts.

Closer now, he brushed his lips along the side of her neck.

“You know, I’ve never shared a bath with a man,” she said, sounding a little breathless.

“Then you’ve missed out on one of life’s little pleasures.”

She let go of her hair and settled her back against his chest, her hands cupping his knees. When he slipped down to palm her breasts, they jutted against his palms. “I didn’t think I liked you very much.”

“Don’t pay my mouth any attention at all,” he drawled. “I don’t mean half the things I say.”

“I think you try to keep people disarmed, at a distance, even when you’re sunk deep inside a woman.”

Bobby groaned. “Don’t mention my dick. I’m trying to be a nice guy here.”

“You are, you know. Nice. But if you’d like to be nicer, I can suggest another place for you to put your hands.”

“Getting a little aroused?” he asked, then sucked on her earlobe.

Her head tilted toward him. “Mmm-hmm.”

“I’m not nice, you know. I’m going to pleasure you with my fingers, but only because I want you thinking about it all morning long.”

“Just your hands?”

“We weren’t very gentle with you before. You need a little time to recover. You know I’m right.” He smoothed over her mound and lifted the hood cloaking her clit.

Kate's legs opened wide, her knees resting on either side of the tub.

As he began to swirl on her clit, he ignored the strength of his erection and concentrated instead on her soft, sexy little moans. Yeah, he could be selfless in the short term, but he was dying to see her sweet mouth close around his cock.

Chapter Four

Cale scraped scrambled eggs from the pan straight onto Kate's plate. "That enough? Want more?"

She shook her head, grinning. "You two are going to spoil me."

"That's the plan," Bobby said, biting into a crisp slice of bacon with relish. "We figured we'd pamper you a bit—just to keep you happy so we can have our wicked way with you."

"Well, it's working."

She winked at Cale, and he felt a flush creep across his cheeks. Every teasing glance she gave him turned him on so much he couldn't sit comfortably. He set the pan on a trivet and stretched on the floor beside the couch, spreading his legs under the coffee table to give his cock and balls some room. The bare wooden floor was just cool enough to take away a little of the arousal that kept his brain lodged in his southern parts.

"So, why don't you two tell me what you're doing up here, all alone in the middle of nowhere."

Cale grunted. "Ma'am, this isn't the middle of nowhere. This is our own slice of heaven."

Bobby spread his arms over the back of the sofa, seeming not the least abashed at his nudity. "You're sitting in middle of eight

hundred acres of our own personal kingdom. We can do whatever the hell we want out here.”

Kate waved her fork. “You mentioned animals before. I take it this is a ranch?”

Cale shoveled in a spoon of eggs he’d drenched in Tabasco, chewed twice and swallowed. “We’re not very big, but we own it. And come next year, we’ll be adding more acres and more animals.”

“Sounds like quite an undertaking. Did you both grow up on ranches?”

“Nope. We were both raised in Colorado Springs. Air Force brats. Met in Ag class and started dreaming about a place like this.”

“Again, what makes a man want to live way out in the middle of nowhere?”

Bobby reached down and slid his hand up and down his cock—a blatant cry for attention. “No rules but ours. Notice we’re all naked as blue jays. Other than paying our taxes, we’re free out here.”

“Must be nice not to worry about dressing up every time you head out the door to work.” Kate’s glance went to Bobby’s lap. “And convenient.”

“Don’t worry,” Bobby said, lifting one dark brow. “Soon as we finish eating, the two of us have to head back to do our chores. You get a reprieve.”

“That wasn’t an invitation?” she said, her lips pouting.

“Whose idea was it to eat naked anyway?” Cale grumbled.

“Mine,” Kate admitted. “Someone stole my clothes so it only seemed fair.”

Bobby grinned. “You’ll note neither of us is complaining about keeping the playing field equal.”

“Seriously,” Kate said around a bite of her eggs. “What made two city boys think they’d like this kind of work?”

Cale’s glance went back to the fire. “The idea seemed...romantic, I guess. But then we both went into the Army together—”

“And we figured out real quick we didn’t like taking orders from anyone else...” Bobby shrugged. “The idea just wouldn’t let go.”

Cale leaned back against the leather couch and the side of Kate’s soft leg. “We pooled our money, saved every penny, and here we are.”

“You don’t ever get lonely out here?”

“Sure,” Cale said. “But we’ve been so busy we haven’t had time to do anything about it.”

“See there?” Bobby said. “You’re doing two lonely cowboys a public service.”

Kate giggled, the tinkling of her soft laughter a refreshing sound.

Cale turned his head and kissed her knee. “Don’t think for a moment we aren’t happy as hell that you’re here now.”

“Will you miss me when I’m gone?” The teasing light in her eyes dimmed for a moment.

Cale’s chest tightened. “You know I will.”

Kate drew a long, trembling breath and placed her plate on the coffee table. “Well, maybe it’s a good thing I won’t be here long. You two could make a girl feel guilty about deserting you.”

Bobby slid his plate beside hers, then pulled her over his lap to give her a quick, hard kiss. “We better get out there before we blow off our good intentions.”

When they parted, Kate’s face was flushed. “Sure you’re going to be able to drag your Wranglers over that hard-on?”

“Gonna hurt like hell,” Bobby growled.

Cale eyed his own erection and sighed. “I promise we won’t be that long, but you might want to climb back under the covers.”

“Boys, it’s not any fun doing that alone.”

Minutes later, the two men were bundled head to toe. Bobby had found her a robe and placed a blanket over her as she nestled into the couch, but as soon as they were out the door, she was too restless to stay there. She picked up the dishes and headed to the kitchen, enjoying the mundane task that freed her mind to think. But she was done worrying about the shambles of her life back in Sacramento. The two men filled her with plenty of fresh fodder. And again, her imagination wandered down lush, tawdry paths—filled with sexy possibilities.

Which might have given her old self pause because that Kate never obsessed over sex. Or over any man. Not even David. He’d only been a signpost in her life. Another step up the wrung of adulthood.

So what was this weekend all about? And where had the courage come that had her insisting on eating breakfast *au naturel*?

Her thoughts kept her moving and straightening their already orderly cabin while she admired the workmanship and care for detail they'd put into building their home. The log cabin's walls were smoothed planks on the interior walls and varnished. The furnishings were comfortable, masculine and colorful. Saddle leather sofas, bright throw rugs and Indian blankets. Photographs, not many, but offering slices of their shared lives were hung on the shining walls. She pored over them, sighing over the men in their dress uniforms and smiling at the photos where camouflage paint smudged their cheeks. The photographs of the ranch—Bobby, bareheaded and astride a galloping horse, Cale sitting on the porch holding a cup of coffee as he watched a blazing sunset—tugged at some deeper emotion she wasn't brave enough to face.

At last, wrapped inside the thick terrycloth robe while her clothes were in the wash, Kate sat on a leather sofa, her legs tucked under her and a cup of hot chocolate warming her belly while the fire she'd continued to feed in the hearth kept the chill from the living room.

Outside the picture window, the world was wrapped in a soft blanket of pristine snow. Just the sort of scene she'd imagined when David had suggested they head to the lodge for a break.

How different everything had turned out.

She was alone for the first time since her rescue. The telephone lying on a side table just within reach tempted her. But did she really want to call David? Or maybe the rental company instead, to

let them know their car was floating down a stream? Only she didn't want reality to intrude on her little fantasy. Not yet.

Two sexy cowboys had set their minds on providing for her pleasure. Tomorrow, she'd be responsible. Today, she'd play and immerse herself in wanton delight.

Her body ached in interesting places. The muscles of her inner thighs felt tight and stretched. Her belly burned as though she'd done a hundred sit ups. Her skin felt as though a loofah had reinvigorated her surface, made her more sensitive to touch, flushed with heat—she thought the next time one of them smoothed his callused palm over her she might come from just a simple caress.

She tried hard not to think about the raw, wet state of her pussy. It pulsed and quivered, the sensations growing as footsteps climbed onto the porch outside the door, drawing nearer.

Would they be able to see the arousal slowly consuming her when they looked at her?

The front door opened and cold wind swept inside. Bobby and Cale entered, dropping the old-fashioned wooden latch to close them in. Their coats and legs were covered in snow, and they shed the jackets and boots next to the door and bent to brush away the snow clinging to their legs before walking deeper into the room.

Both their gazes honed in on her.

She lifted her cup and drank deeply, eyeing them over the rim.

“Warm enough in here?” Bobby asked, his voice sliding into a roughened purr.

Setting aside the cup, she wrapped her arms around her middle, just beneath her breasts to plump them up. “All cozy,” she murmured.

Cale glanced at the couch and the fire and then walked stiffly toward the hearth, kneeling to open the fireguard and add another log.

Bobby showed no indecision, coming to the couch and easing down beside her, his long legs stretched in front of him. He cupped her knee and gave it a squeeze.

He locked his gaze with hers and then reached for the tie at her waist and opened it with a tug.

Then his cold hand slipped inside and cupped her breast.

Her breath gasped.

His lips curved. “Can’t think of a better way to warm up.”

Cale glanced over his shoulder, his gaze dropping to where Bobby’s hand had disappeared inside the robe. “Seems a shame to waste a fire,” he said softly.

“It’s plenty warm in here,” Kate agreed, licking her lips, because she knew from the tension radiating from Cale’s frame and the shortening breaths from Bobby beside her, that the boys had decided it was time to play again.

Cale rose swiftly and began to peel his clothing off. Bobby pulled his hand free from her robe and sat forward, scraping his sweater and T-shirt over his head and tossing them away. Then he leaned back again to unbutton his jeans.

She couldn't help staring at the vee of bronze skin he exposed as he slowly opened his pants. When his hand rooted inside and drew out his cock, she licked her lips.

"Damn, girl, don't do that."

"What?"

"Make me want that mouth."

She blinked, her cheeks flushing. He'd read her mind. She unfolded her legs and stood. Shrugging out of the robe, she let it puddle on the floor behind her and reached for a pillow on the sofa before walking slowly toward the fire.

Cale inhaled sharply, his hand gliding it up and down his shaft.

She turned away from the fire, dropped the pillow and knelt on it, bending her head to wait. Her pose was as submissive as she could manage since she'd taken up the reins. She knew the men sent each other silent messages above her head. And still she waited.

Bobby stood and shucked his jeans, then walked closer, standing beside her. Cale came around her. Now, both men stood side by side.

With the fire warming her backside, she waited until they both gripped their cocks and slid them alongside her cheeks.

She tilted her head, letting her eyelids drop and opened her mouth. The men guided the tips toward it, one rimming her lips, then the other.

Taking their silent direction, she reached up and gripped both sleek shafts in her hands and stuck out her tongue to glaze one head, then the other, as she slowly pumped her fists along their thick, hot cocks.

“*Dayum,*” Cale whispered as his fingers sank into her hair, tugging hard to bring her closer.

Kate smiled, drawing in a deep breath, inhaling their mixed musks, rubbing her lips and tongues over them, alternating as she teased them both.

Then she followed Cale’s insistent tugs and sank on his cock, pumping her hand harder on Bobby’s as she bobbed forward, taking Cale’s cock into her mouth, her tongue swirling and lapping along his shaft as it pressed over her tongue and deeper.

She backed away and turned to do the same to Bobby’s, wetting his shaft and using the moisture to glide her hands freely up and down Cale’s and Bobby’s hard rods.

Her body shivered, not from the cold, but from the heady power she wielded over two virile men who patiently waited while she plied them both with succulent kisses and sucked on cocks that filled and stretched.

Both long, hard shafts expanded, skin tightening, feeling like warm satin sliding inside her mouth.

And then her hunger consumed her and she settled her cunt over one heel and rode it, while her mouth drew harder, greedy for the strokes they delivered, one after the other into her fists, into her mouth.

When she grew breathless, she pulled away, and rested her cheek against Cale’s thigh, dragging in deep breaths.

His hand caressed her head and then tilted it back.

She opened her eyes and stared up at him. "Please," she said, not really sure what she wanted, but needing relief from her own rising arousal.

Cale's glance touched on Bobby, who nodded, a slow, tight smile splitting his face.

Bobby pulled her hands from their cocks, and Cale knelt, then stretched out on the rug in front of the hearth, raising his cock perpendicular from his body.

A condom landed on his chest. Cale quickly ripped the packet with his teeth and the rolled down the latex circle.

She knew what they wanted and accepted Bobby's hand on her elbow as she half rose and straddled Cale's body, sinking down on the cock he fit to her entrance. As her pussy consumed it in a steady rush of shallow pumps, she forgot about Bobby, using her thighs gripping Cale's narrow hips to raise and lower herself.

She forgot Bobby until a hand pressed between her shoulder blades, pushing her down to lie across Cale's chest.

Cale's hand cupped her head and drew her closer for a hard hot kiss that left her breathing hard.

Something slender and cold slipped into her asshole, and she moaned into Cale's mouth. Slippery gel flooded her back entrance, then wicked fingers spread it around the opening, a finger tip prodding then sinking into her ass to swirl and stretch the entrance.

She'd stopped moving on the cock her pussy had swallowed, stopped moving her lips against Cale's, breathing into his mouth as she hung above him, waiting...for the nudge of Bobby's blunt cockhead, rubbing and prodding her opening, then pushing.

Her head jerked back and air hissed between her teeth. Cale slid his hands between their bodies and palmed her breasts, massaging and molding them, exciting her enough that she relaxed the muscles resisting Bobby's invasion and he slid inside.

"*Godohgodohgod...*" she groaned.

"Hold onto Cale," Bobby said, whispering into her ear.

Her hands braced against Cale's shoulders and she hunched over him, trying to lift her bottom into Bobby's strokes without losing an inch of Cale's thick cock.

But she couldn't move, couldn't do anything but let Bobby's thrusts, teasing little forays that did more to frustrate than appease her arousal, move her forward and back, dragging her on Cale's cock.

Hot color filled Cale's cheeks, his mouth puckered around tense little puffs of air.

"Do you feel him?" she whispered.

Cale's eyelids drifted down, his green eyes locking with her gaze. "I feel him. I feel you squeezing around me. So goddamn tight. I gotta move."

"You can't," she yelped, just as Bobby thrust harder, deeper, his hands closing on the notches of her hips as he rode her, his strokes quickening.

"Goddamn tight," Bobby rasped. "You're chewin' up my dick."

"Do you need to stop?" she asked, her voice thinning to a soft wail.

“God no. Just don’t move. Neither of you. I’m gonna come quick.” He stroked again, a quick in and out. His fingers clutched her harder. “Oh fuck.”

And then he was powering into her, jerking her on Cale’s cock. The fullness in her pussy and her ass, the heat from the friction building against both inner walls, was too much.

Her body shuddered, her thighs tightened on Cale then loosened as she crammed her clit downward against the crinkly hairs at the base of his cock. It was just enough to excite her clit, just enough to send her over the edge.

She slammed forward and back, taking Cale and Bobby, ignoring the grinding grunts behind her and the desperate gasps from below.

Her body was on fire, her mind exploding as tension deep inside her core released in a powerful orgasm that left her shivering and shaking between them.

When she calmed, Bobby lay draped over her back. Cale’s hands petted her hair, his fingers dragging slowly through it. His cock was still rigid. Bobby’s was quickly flagging.

“Anytime you’re ready, buddy,” Cale said between gritted teeth.

“Right. Sorry,” Bobby mumbled tiredly, then slowly pulled out.

When he’d moved away, Cale pushed at her shoulders. “On your knees, sweetheart.”

“Jesus,” she said, wondering if she had the strength for another round. But she climbed off him and went down on all fours, bracing her hands on the rug.

Cale caressed her bottom. His large hands cupping her as he slid his dick forward, nudging between her legs. “Wider,” he growled.

She moved her knees apart, let her back sink lower and tilted her ass upward.

“That’s it,” he said, sliding inside her. “Christ, you’re so damn hot.”

His first inward glides were gentle, probing.

Her head sank between her shoulders. Her breaths slowed and deepened. Her body readying for what she knew he was going to deliver.

After another tentative thrust, he plunged harder, tunneling, cramming his huge cock through tissue already burning with friction.

Amazingly, she started the climb again, her channel convulsing slowly, caressing his long shaft as he drove into her.

His thrusts sharpened, strengthened. Her breasts shimmied with the force, her nipples drawing so tight they ached as they stretched forward and back, sending darts of arousal south.

Then hands smoothed under her belly, a finger circling her bellybutton, then more scraping downward, through the hair cloaking her mons and between the folds stretched taut at the top of her pussy. Wet fingertips glided around and around her clit.

She glanced to the side and caught Bobby's crooked grin. "Am I gettin' it?"

Was he what? She was beyond speech, her face contorting as her tension grew and tightened.

"That's it, baby," Bobby crooned. "Cale's gonna blow any minute now. You come first, then hold on."

His finger pressed harder on her swollen clit, rubbing, tapping, and at last, her body went rigid, her head flung back and she screamed.

Cale's hands cupped her hips and he hammered her, his sharp, short grunts growing louder, harsher, until at last his body erupted, his hips slapping hard into hers.

The sounds of their cries, the wet succulent sounds his cock made plunging into her juicy cunt were so delicious, so indescribably dirty, she shivered from head to toe.

Her arms quivered, then collapsed and she fell to the floor. Bobby's hands slipped from under her. Cale draped over her back.

With all three of them stretched out in front of the fire, so close there wasn't a part of her body that wasn't blanketed with heat, she dragged in a deep, shuddering breath. "I think you both killed me," she whispered.

Resting on his side, his head supported on a bent elbow, Bobby smiled. He plucked hair that stuck to the side of her sweaty face and smoothed it behind her ear. "Tell me we're not the best you ever had."

Suddenly, her eyes filled. It was true. How sad was that? A man she'd been with for over four years, that she'd thought so

talented, had never given her so much erotic pleasure as these two strangers had.

His grin slipped. "Hey, don't do that."

"I can cry if I want to," she muttered.

"Am I hurting you?" Cale asked sleepily, stirring at last above her.

"Don't move for a second," she said quickly, not wanting to lose the comfort of his crushing weight.

His torso lightened, as his hands pressed the floor on either side of her shoulders. "That better?"

"I can breathe." She sniffled, then closed her eyes to hide their expression from Bobby, whose face hovered closer than she wanted. The man seemed able to look right inside her.

"Let's get her back to the bed," Bobby whispered.

Cale grunted but pulled out. His glorious heat gone, she pressed her face against the carpet.

But the guys weren't going to let her play like a turtle. They rolled her to her back, and Bobby slipped his hands under her shoulders and knees and lifted her. With Cale trailing behind them, Bobby strode straight for the darkened bedroom.

Cale pulled down the covers. Bobby deposited her in the center. Then both men lay down beside her on their sides, facing her.

"What if I just want to be alone for little bit?" she said, hopeful they'd give her some privacy, because she was feeling vulnerable and embarrassed that she couldn't seem to control the emotions washing over her.

“Not happenin’,” Bobby said softly.

Cale grunted his agreement.

“How about you tell us what happened back there.”

Her eyes filled again, and she glanced up at the ceiling blinking away the moisture. “Can’t you just let me have a girly moment?”

“We’re not scared, you know,” Bobby said. “And we’ve spent so much time alone up here that we actually want to experience some of those girly moments.”

“You wanna rephrase that?” Cale said, rolling his eyes.

Bobby gave Cale a quick scowl, but when his gaze returned to Kate, his expression softened again. “All I’m saying is we’ve been through a lot together in a very short period of time. We’re here for you. You can tell us anything. And if you want to cry...” He drew a deep breath. “You’ve got two shoulders to lean on.”

The tears she’d been fighting spilled down the sides of her face, wetting her hair. “I don’t know why I’m crying. Maybe it’s because I don’t recognize myself. I’m not like this.”

“Not beautiful and sexy?” Bobby murmured, moving closer. His lips swept up the tears falling toward her hair.

Cale’s warm mouth did the same. “I’m thinkin’ I need to kick dickhead’s ass.”

“Whose?”

“Your fiancé.”

“No. It’s not all his fault. I knew what he was like. And I put up with it. I just didn’t know *I* could be so...slutty. With you.”

Bobby’s breath stilled. Cale’s body stiffened beside her.

“Sweetheart. Is that what we’ve made you feel like?” Bobby said, his tone even.

“Not you. But I didn’t know I could be like this. With two men. The things you make me want...” She shook her head, knowing she wasn’t making sense, and probably insulting the heck out of them both.

“You’re just feeling a little raw,” Cale said, his large hand clumsily petting her. “I am too.”

She sniffed. “Raw?”

“I didn’t expect to like you this much. To feel so much. I’ve been a walking hard-on since I stripped you out of your wet clothes.”

“Maybe it’s just because we survived something together,” she said, wiping her nose with the back of her hand. “Maybe we wouldn’t feel like this at all if we hadn’t been forced together like this.”

Bobby shook his head. “I don’t think that’s it at all, Kate. We like you. We both want you. We could have met at a grocery store, and I’d still have wanted to crawl all over your ass.”

“It’s us. Together,” Cale said softly. “Don’t you feel it, too? Bobby and I have shared women before. But it was only fun and games. A night here or there. Having you here, warming up my dick and knowing he’s into you as well—hell, it’s sexy.”

“We don’t think less of you for letting us have our way. But if you’re feeling uncomfortable, maybe even a little scared, we’ll back off.”

Her face crumpled again. “That’s the problem. I don’t want it to end. And I want both of you lying so close, warming me inside and out. I never wanted that before. I used to spend days without thinking about sex with David, but I can’t seem to last a moment without needing your touch.”

“Baby, don’t be ashamed,” Bobby said, fingers curving around her cheek. “We’ll love you right. Trust us, and we’ll take care of you. All of you.”

“You keep saying that.”

“And I’ve meant it from the start. One glimpse of your pretty blue eyes from that car window, and I was ready to dive into an icy grave because I didn’t want you hurting or scared.”

“But this isn’t going to last,” she said, at last admitting the thing she feared the most.

His gaze softened. “Let’s take it one day at a time. See what happens.”

“Maybe we’re just what you needed when you were down,” Cale said behind her. “Or maybe it’s just the start of something special.”

She let Bobby rub his fingers under her eyes and her nose, watched his crooked smile as he did it, and her heart melted just a little more.

“Baby, give us a chance?”

Chapter Five

Bobby smothered a grin at the sight of Kate shoveling hay into a clean stall. She wore two layers of his sweats, ties knotted at the waist. She looked as shapeless as a bear, but he and Cale didn't have anything else she could fit into and didn't want her ruining her one set of clean clothing.

The snowstorm was waning. They'd had less than three inches last night. Tomorrow morning, the snow plows would have the roads cleared and she'd be able to leave.

So, it was a race for him and Cale. A race to convince her she had a place here...if she wanted it.

She'd called the rental company that morning and discovered that her fiancé had already requested another car be delivered. The bastard hadn't been in the least concerned about her whereabouts. The news had to have stung, but she'd simply stared at the phone at the conclusion of the call until Cale had reached for it. Then she'd squared her shoulders, set a smile on her face and asked them if she could help with chores. She'd said she was feeling a little lazy with all their pampering.

Bobby knew she just wanted to keep busy rather than think about all the problems that awaited her in the "real" world.

Because the thought annoyed him a little and because he was horny—a lot—he lifted his own forkful of hay and tossed it at her head.

She bent as the hay fell away from her, then aimed a scowl over his shoulder. “You know it’s much too cold in here for anything to happen, so why start something you’re not gonna finish?”

“Too cold? Depends on what stays covered,” he said, sliding his hand down the front of his pants.

“Goddamn smartass,” she replied, but her eyes sparkled at the challenge. She lunged for the door of the stall, but he was faster, sticking out a foot to trip her.

She tumbled into the pile of straw they’d been busy distributing. “Ow, I’m getting poked. Straw’s not sexy.”

Bobby lowered himself over her back. “This is my world. How about I teach you a thing or two about what’s sexy?”

“God, I hate you sometimes,” she said, her voice muffled and gruff.

“Why’s that, sugarlips? I’m doin’ my best to show you a really good time.”

“Damn you. You make me want everything.”

Bobby drew a deep breath, hearing the longing in her voice—longing that made his own body tighten in protest. “And that’s bad? You wanting everything?” he said, tugging off his gloves.

“It’s bad when I’m going to be walking away.”

“Let’s think about that later,” he murmured, rubbing his tongue along the curve of her ear, peeking out from under her knit hat.

“Damn, damn, damn.” She wriggled beneath him, but not because she was trying to escape, but because he’d slid the tip of his tongue into her ear and his hand was cupping a breast through layers of cotton.

“Not enough is it?” he murmured softly.

“I don’t want to wait until we’re out of these layers.”

“Sometimes being a little hot and cold can be fun.”

“Let me guess which parts are gonna be cold,” she said, her tone wry.

“I promise I’ll save your ass from frostbite.”

She snickered beneath him and then groaned when he rolled off her then plucked up her hips. Braced on her elbows, he made quick work of the two sets of sweatpants, rolling them to the tops of her thighs.

“Cold, cold,” she said, between tightly clenched teeth.

“Gimme a second,” he said, scraping down his zipper. His cock met the chilly air in the barn and tried to retreat. “Oh no, you don’t,” he said to himself, leaning close to her ass and slipping it between her legs, holding it because it was losing firmness and he needed to get it someplace hot.

Her labia might have been slightly chilled, but her pussy oozed creamy heat. He purred as his cock sank into her, and he pressed deep until his bare groin and belly met her buttocks. Then he eased off his coat, tied the arms around her middle to cinch their bodies together.

“How’s this gonna work? Neither of us can move.”

Bobby frowned, realizing she was right. “Guess I didn’t think it through.”

“Duh, ya think?”

Bobby grinned and wrapped his arms around her, palming her breasts through her clothes. “Can’t even give your pretty nipples a twist through all these layers.”

“And there I thought you were some kind of sex god.”

“Thought I had all the answers? Bet I can figure out a thing or two from here. How about giving me a squeeze?”

“That’s not going to do much.” Still she tightened up her inner muscles, giving him a sexy caress that went a long way toward heating his dick right up.

“Let’s live a little dangerously,” he growled, untying the arms of the jacket and letting it slide to the ground. Then he pulled out, sucking in air as his wet cock met the brisk air. He slammed back inside her slick heat and groaned.

“We’re gonna have to make it quick,” she said, her voice muffled against the straw.

“Quick, coming up. But I don’t want to leave you behind.” He thrust his fingers between her legs, felt for the top of her sweet folds and pressed a chilly finger against her distended clit.

Her breath hissed between her teeth. He plunged forward again, warming her clit with rapid rubs of the pads of two fingers. Because his ass was getting cold, and he didn’t want to lose the delicious hardening, he plowed into her without grace or rhythm, stroking her with short, sharp rasps of his cock.

When her cunt clasped him hard, he breathed a sigh of relief that she was there with him. Together they pounded into each other in harsh, jarring thrusts. His fingers closed around her clit, pinching it, and she yelped but butted backwards, her cold cheeks slapping against his groin.

It was the funniest, clumsiest fuck he'd ever had, but no way in hell was he in the mood to laugh because he was so goddamn close his balls were drawing up against his groin, hardening to the point of pain. At last they erupted, and come spurted inside her, easing their movements, the scalding liquid heating them from the inside out.

Kate's gasping moans thinned and tightened, and then she wasn't moving anymore, suspended in the moment as he powered into her, giving her the last of his energetic thrusts before he too felt the need to hover.

The barn door opened and bitterly cold air blew inside, slapping his ass and making his cheeks tingle.

He shot a glare over his shoulder at Cale and met his bemused expression. "Yeah, not the smartest thing I've ever done." He pulled out of Kate, tugged up her pants and wrapped his coat around her hips. "Sorry, about that sweetheart. Want Cale to take you back inside and warm you up?"

A giggle escaped as she lay on the hay and rolled to her back. She sat up and started to pull hay from her hair and clothing. "I'm not even going to ask about what might be mixed in this hay."

"Better not think on it," he agreed.

Cale stepped closer, his head shaking as he reached down to give her a hand up. “You two are crazy. Even I have better sense than this.”

“Couldn’t help it. Her ass was right there in my face when she was shoveling,” Bobby said, shrugging.

“Shut up,” Kate deadpanned. “I know it looks wide as a barn in these clothes.”

“It’s attention-getting. My cock’s living proof.”

Cale clucked and pulled her by the hand toward the stall door. Then he tugged her coat down over her hips and zipped it up to her chin. “A bath. Then I’ll see about what else needs warming up.” He turned to Bobby. “You finished here?”

Bobby smiled, lifting one brow. “Just getting started.”

Cale left Kate on her own in the bath after he’d made sure she had everything she needed. She’d still looked more than a little embarrassed after her tryst in the barn. He couldn’t get over the sight of them, plush as polar bears above and bare-assed below. He was only sorry he’d missed the whole show.

Bobby entered the kitchen from the mudroom, blowing into his clasped hands. “Where’s Kate?”

“In the tub. Thawing.”

“Buddy, you know that wasn’t planned,” Bobby said with a sheepish grin.

“I hope you didn’t have it in your mind. I’d think you were a complete idiot. Do you know how cold it is out there?”

Bobby grimaced. “My dick’s still stinging.”

Cale chuckled, shaking his head. “Serves you right.” Cale settled his hips against the kitchen counter and locked his gaze with Bobby. “She talk about when she’s gonna leave?”

Bobby’s expression fell. “No. But I’m thinking it’s probably going to be tomorrow.”

Cale cleared his throat. He and Bobby hadn’t talked much since Kate’s arrival, and he wasn’t sure how deep Bobby’s feelings went with Kate. “I’m gonna miss having her here,” he said, leading the conversation.

Bobby poured a cup of steaming coffee and wrapped both hands around the cup. He took a quick, tentative sip, then replied quietly, “Me too.”

“Didn’t think we could actually share a woman for longer than a one-nighter and not come to blows,” Cale said, watching Bobby’s expression for a hint of what he really thought.

Bobby’s lips quirked up. “Doesn’t hurt she’s a horny little thing.”

“Bobby,” Cale growled.

His buddy shrugged but still didn’t meet his gaze. “I didn’t mean any disrespect. It’s pure compliment. Girl’s got game.”

Sounded like Bobby only wanted a bed partner. “She’s kept us both satisfied,” he muttered.

At last, Bobby lifted his head, his usual careless expression wiped clean. There was real yearning in his eyes. “Wonder what it would take to make her stay.”

Cale’s whole body tightened. “More money that either one of us has.”

“Sonofabitch,” Bobby sighed. “You’re probably right. What the hell would she see in two cowboys in the middle of nowhere when she’s used to caviar?”

“I don’t think it’s the money so much,” Cale said softly. “She hasn’t complained once about her things in the car. I think maybe she just liked the security.”

“Still not something we can offer yet. We don’t know from one year to the next whether we’re gonna make it.”

“Yeah, still, I’m gonna miss her.”

Kate paused outside the kitchen, listening to the two men. They both sounded so forlorn she smiled sadly. They sounded like two boys about to have their favorite toy stolen out from beneath them.

She was going to miss them too. But this was just a tryst. A sexy little escape from all her problems. No way could she stay. She had a job back in Sacramento. A household to divvy up with her fiancé. Wedding gifts to return, arrangements to cancel. The list was endless.

Still, there was the vacation she’d arranged for her honeymoon. The tickets could be cancelled and the funds returned, but she could still take the time off. She wondered if the two men would be willing to put up with a houseguest for three weeks. She cleared her throat and sauntered inside, wearing the robe and a pair of Bobby’s socks on her feet.

You’d have thought she was wearing Victoria’s Secret lingerie by the way both their gazes lit up. “What’s cookin’, boys?” she drawled, giving them a simmering look as she could muster.

Must have worked from the sharp breath Cale pulled and the smile that curved one corner of Bobby's sexy mouth.

"Did you hear us talking?" Bobby asked.

"Couldn't help but hear, the way both of you were moaning. Gonna miss me?" she whispered and rubbed up close to Bobby's chest.

"Like a toothache, sweetheart." But she thought the pain would be much lower going by the ridge rising against her belly.

"I could stay a little longer, if you like."

Bobby's smile widened, but a glance at Cale said he wasn't so keen on the idea. Disappointment stung harder than she thought it would. "Or not," she said quickly.

Cale shook his head. "It's not that I don't want you stayin', but I don't think it's a good idea. Not unless you think there's a chance for us."

Was he afraid he'd fall in love with her? Although disappointed, she knew it wasn't fair. "I get it. And it's okay. I'll go tomorrow."

Bobby's hands tightened on her ass. "Still got tonight."

She forced a smile and gazed at him from beneath her lashes. "Sure do. But since you two have been the ones doing all the thinking, I'm wanting a little quid pro quo."

Bobby snorted. "You wanna be in charge? What do you say, buddy? Should we let her give the orders?"

Cale's brows lifted in a very "Bobby-like" challenge. "I'm thinking she won't last long. She'll get breathless and weak-kneed and call uncle before either of us is winded."

She narrowed her eyes at both men, relieved they'd let her set a lighter tone. "I'm so gonna prove you two wrong."

"Supper first, boss?" Bobby said.

"Supper after."

Kate felt ready to scream. The men had taken her request to be in charge to ridiculous levels, both refusing to even remove a single sock without precise instructions. Then they'd embarrassed the hell out of her by requiring her to describe exactly which tongue and set of fingers had to do what as they gave her head. The result had left her frustrated and aroused, and they both knew it, sharing smirks across her body as she glared daggers at them both.

"Any time you wanna say uncle," Cale murmured.

She was close to throwing in the towel, but they'd pissed her off. She tapped a nipple and glared at Bobby. "I want your mouth here." She tapped the other and issued the same command to Cale.

Both mouths latched on but didn't move. She drew a deep breath, counted silently to ten and said, "Now suck until I tell you to stop."

Thank God, they didn't need more explicit instructions. They suckled enthusiastically, and she dug her fingers into both their scalps and closed her eyes at the delicious sensations while her mind thought of devious punishments.

"I'm remembering what you said," she murmured, "that first time about not being that particular about what you poked." That got their attention. While their mouths remained engaged, they

shared a concerned glance between them. “I’m thinking I want to watch what you’re not all that particular about poking.”

Both mouths disengaged.

“Now, Kate,” Cale said, a worried edge to his voice.

Bobby grinned wickedly.

“I am still in charge, aren’t I?”

“Kate...” Cale started again.

Bobby shook his head, putting on a mournful expression. “We did say she could call the shots, but she’s gonna have to get specific.”

This time, she didn’t think she’d mind. Might be embarrassing as hell to direct, but she thought they’d be the ones squirming the most. “How about you two lie down side by side, facing each other.”

Cale and Bobby shared another glance. Cale’s lips tightened, but he sighed in resignation.

Bobby rolled away from her and waited as Cale climbed over them both to lie down beside Bobby.

Kate got up on her knees for a better view. “I don’t think I’ve ever watched two men kiss each other, mouth to mouth, other than on television. Why not start there? And be sure to do it like you mean it. I want hands holding heads and a whole lot of tongue.”

Cale’s glare was blistering, but he didn’t seem too terribly disturbed. They’d done this before.

The thought made Kate hot just watching as they stared at each other’s lips and thought through what she’d demanded. “Anytime you’re ready,” she said softly.

Bobby, as always, made the first move, sliding his hand behind Cale's neck and leaning toward his friend, his mouth opening and pressing against Cale's thinned lips.

Rich hot color stained Cale's cheeks, but he returned the kiss, sliding his mouth over Bobby's. She didn't know whose tongue slipped inside first, but the heat between them escalated quickly until they were both leaning in, their heads circling.

"Nice start," she whispered, her own lips feeling dry. "How about you both slide your hands over the other's dick."

Again, she didn't have to get too specific. Hands reached across. Long fingers clasped rigid cocks and smoothed up and down long, thick shafts.

She was beginning to think she'd hoisted herself on her own petard because her body was heating up alongside theirs but they were the only ones having any fun.

"Bobby," she said.

He pulled his mouth away from Cale's and looked over his shoulder at her. Amusement was gone; his cheeks were just as hot, just as taut as Cale's.

She licked her dry lips, then did it again when his gaze dropped to her mouth. "Who usually goes down first?" she asked slowly.

His eyelids dipped, skimming her distended nipples and the way she clenched her thighs together. "Baby, you know it's me."

"Will you let me watch?"

"You're in charge," he crooned. "But you sure you don't want to join in?"

“You first,” she said, her throat tightening as she swallowed hard.

Bobby came up to his knees and stepped over Cale who opened his legs to make room. He rested his head casually on one bent arm to look down his own body as Bobby’s hair brushed forward and his mouth closed over the tip of his cock.

Kate had an inkling what Cale was feeling, having been the recipient of Bobby’s talented mouth and tongue.

Cale reached down and gripped the base of his cock, holding it straight up for Bobby who began to bob on it, his cheeks hollowing as he sucked upward, billowing as he went back down.

Cale’s narrowed glance locked with hers. Excitement seeped from inside her body, and Kate scrapped any plans for an extended viewing, pushing Bobby gently on the shoulder and bending down to join him, her tongue sweeping over Cale’s shaft from the side as he swept the other.

When their mouths met for a brief hot kiss, Cale didn’t seem to mind that they’d forgotten about the evidence of his arousal standing tall between them. His hands reached down and stroked both their heads, encouraging them silently to enjoy.

They shared tongues, wrapped their hands together around Cale’s shaft and pumped. Kate learned a thing or two along the way, about how firmly Cale liked to be stroked, about how giving Bobby could be when he wasn’t being a smartass. Their attention focused on Cale, their efforts quickening, deepening until Cale groaned and his come shot from his cock. Together they drank it down, rubbing

it over their lips and sharing it in the sexiest kiss as they ate each other's lips.

When they'd finished, they lay their heads down on Cale's belly and grinned at each other.

"Don't suppose you have any more orders for me," Bobby drawled.

"I'm thinking I want you two to decide. My mind's blown."

Before she had time to catch her breath, Bobby had her on her knees. Cale turned and settled on his back, his feet against the headboard, his head between her legs. "Lay that pussy on my mouth."

"Jesus. Didn't know you could talk dirty," she said, but followed his order to the letter, lowering until his lips latched onto her cunt and suckled.

Bobby pushed between her shoulder blades until she lay over Cale's body, then used his fingers to find her entrance and guided his cock into her pussy, past Cale's tongue.

Cale laved her clit; Bobby stroked deep. And she buried her face against Cale's hard belly and moaned.

Bobby held off just until she squealed with the first burst of hot tension rippling up and down her channel. Then he powered into her, pushing her toward another, and another rippling orgasm before his come jetted deep.

"Damn, damn, damn," he said, holding her hips. "Forgot. Second time."

"On the pill," she mumbled.

"Not good enough," Cale said beneath her, his voice muffled.

She didn't give a rat's ass. She was boneless. Beyond content.

Cale and Bobby shifted her over, and they snuggled in close, one warming her front, the other her back. She thought she'd never felt more content in her life. Never felt so warm. She said so out loud.

Bobby kissed her shoulder.

"I'm right there with you," Cale mumbled.

Together, with both men's arms surrounding her, Kate felt her heart break.

Chapter Six

Spring came early to the mountains. Snow had melted weeks ago. Bright green leaves cloaked the aspens. The road up the mountain from Wellesley was unrecognizable from her previous trek and accomplished in merely forty-five minutes.

Kate pulled onto a graveled road and halted in front of the cabin that was the only thing she recognized from her previous visit.

She hadn't called. Cale had asked her not to. Bobby hadn't been as firm when she'd left with the man from the rental company. He'd pulled her into his arms for a quick hug and told her if ever she decided to come back...

Well, she was here and ready to see if the magic she'd experienced was real or something transient—a dream she couldn't help falling back into every time she closed her eyes to sleep.

The months had been awkward inside the apartment she'd shared with David until days ago. They'd had calls to make that he'd been surprisingly agreeable to divide up. They'd returned gifts, cancelled reservations. They'd slept in separate beds. And they never talked about what had happened in the lodge or where she'd been for those few lost days afterward.

When she'd gotten the last of her things packed and stored, he'd given her a hug and wished her well. She'd offered him the

same. Any spark that had simmered between them long gone. All the anger and hurt over his betrayal had been swept away and replaced by a quiet hope that she'd nurtured as she'd planned her escape.

Quitting her job had been the hardest thing to do. A leap of faith into an unknown future. But it had felt right. She'd used her time in Sacramento to develop a portfolio of freelance work. She could write from anywhere, submit to any magazine or news rag. Maybe she'd even try her hand at writing a book. Her goal had been single-minded—to free herself and be free to start the next adventure of her life.

She closed the door to her new SUV and took the steps up the porch. A soft knock on the door went unanswered, and she tried the door handle. It was unlocked. They were somewhere here on their little ranch.

She contemplated going inside and waiting quietly for them to return, but she didn't want to meet them in a place that held so many memories. Didn't want her first sight of their expressions when they saw her to be colored with her hopes.

She set out for the barn behind the house, but it was empty, the doors open.

Sounds of cattle lowing in the distance, of horses whinnying, pulled her behind the barn to the pastures.

There she saw the two men, stringing wire along the top of a cedar post fence. Two tall, muscled bodies wearing long-sleeved T-shirts and blue jeans, cowboy hats covering their heads.

Bobby faced her and saw her first. He froze. His expression didn't give a thing away about what he felt, whether he was happy to see her or worried about what it meant.

His head turned to Cale, his lips moved, and Cale shot a glance over his shoulder and then slowly coiled the wire he'd been holding over the top of the post and turned.

Kate offered them both a lop-sided smile and walked toward them, her heart hammering against her chest. "Hi there," she said softly as she drew near.

Cale wiped his hands on his thighs, his gaze trailing down her body.

She'd dressed casually on purpose. Blue jeans and a paler blue, short-sleeved sweater. She wore cowboy boots she'd been breaking in for a month—buffed but still showing a couple of scuffs at the toes. She'd pulled her hair into a ponytail. Nothing fancy, nothing too fussy. Hoping they'd get the message that she'd changed some things about herself. Hoping there was still a chance they might work.

"You sink a car in the creek again?" Bobby said.

She smiled and shook her head, reaching up to tuck a lock of hair that had escaped her rubber band. "I don't need rescuing this time."

"What do you need?" Cale asked, his voice gruff.

"Not a thing." Drawing a deep breath, she let her gaze slide away. "Since I'm officially self-employed, I just thought I'd take a little road trip. Visit friends." The words held the right casual note,

but the fact she couldn't meet their gazes must have clued them in she was nervous.

Cale's hand reached over to grab the one fiddling with her hair. "I don't like repeating myself. And you've never been shy about telling us exactly what's on your mind."

"I'm not wearing a bra," she blurted out, then bit her lip.

Bobby's lips twitched. "We noticed."

"That the first thing that popped into your mind?" Cale said, his expression amused.

She shot them both a withering glance. "This was a mistake."

Cale tugged her hand, drawing her closer, then slipped his other arm around her waist.

When her head snuggled against his broad chest, she sighed.

"Been lonely on this mountain," he whispered.

"It was lonely back in California."

"You get things sorted out with your ex?"

"Yes. It's over. We parted...amicably."

His arms tightened, then he relaxed.

She drew back and lifted her gaze to him, then glanced at Bobby. "Guess you both know why I'm here."

"You pregnant?" Bobby asked, sounding oddly hopeful.

Her face heated. "No! That's not it. Although I did worry a little bit since we forgot something a time or two."

"I didn't forget a thing," he said, arching his brows. "Man's gotta do what he's gotta do."

She tilted her head to stare at him. "You really wouldn't have minded?"

Bobby shrugged, an endearingly familiar glint in his eyes. “Neither of us would have, sweetheart. If you haven’t already figured it out. You’re the only woman we’ve ever gone bareback with.”

She shook her head, a smile tugging at her lips. “Still a smartass. I missed you.”

He leaned over the fence and she met his mouth halfway, loving the gentle pressure of his lips.

“You’re gonna stay this time, right?” he asked, as soon as he drew away.

“It’s up to you both. But maybe we should wait to see if we still feel the same way. It was just a few days.”

“Long enough,” Cale said, his hand cupping her bottom and squeezing. “Now, if *you’re* not sure...”

“I couldn’t stop thinking about either of you,” she said in a rush. “In the middle of all my friends, in the middle of work, I felt completely lost.”

“Welcome to our world,” Bobby muttered.

Still not sure if they felt as deeply as she did, she plowed forward. “You know I don’t know a bull from heifer, but I thought I might set up an office in that bedroom we never used.”

“It’s yours,” Bobby blurted. “I mean, it was mine, but I don’t think we’ll be needing it.”

“That quick? Don’t you need time to think about it?”

He stepped on the lowest strand of barbed wire and gripped the one just below the loosened strand they’d been stringing and swung over the fence to land on the ground beside her.

His gaze swept her again, and his throat worked around a swallow. If the swiftness of his agreement hadn't been enough to convince her he was happy with her moving in on them, his dark, glittering eyes and straining jawline told her how deeply pleased he really was. "We were ready for a break anyway. Wanna celebrate?"

Kate relaxed inside Cale's embrace. His heart was thumping hard beneath her hand. "Depends on what kind of party you want to throw," she murmured.

"How about one that calls for us gettin' nekkid?" Bobby said with a lift of his brows.

"Going too fast for you?" Cale whispered.

She glanced up to meet his gaze and let a smile stretch her lips. "I'm way ahead. I'm not wearing panties either."

"Something I figured out too," he said, squeezing her ass again.

The living room was stifling hot, but perfect since they hadn't bothered with clothes the whole afternoon. Night was falling and the feeling of intimacy was enhanced, punctuated by the sounds of logs crackling and their softening breaths.

They stretched out, their toes toward the fire atop a new rug the boys had purchased, a thick creamy flokati. Something big enough for them all to share, warm enough in the winter to keep the cold from creeping across the floor and soft enough to cushion knees when the moment called for it. Or so Bobby said.

The men had kept her firmly planted between them. And they'd shared some of their wildest "nekkid Kate fantasies" they'd been storing up over the lean winter months.

Her body was relaxed, her mind eased beyond simple satisfaction. Both men lay on their sides, heads raised and resting on one hand, their hands roaming her body. Bobby plucked at nipple. Cale had fingers teasing between her damp folds.

"Happy?" Bobby asked.

She smiled and turned to meet his dark gaze. "I'm so far beyond happy, I'm feeling smug."

"Smug's good," Cale said. "But I need to hear more sweet whimpers."

"I don't whimper."

"Sure you do. And you moan and groan and grunt. It's all good, sweetheart."

She blushed, a smile tugging at her mouth. "You guys sure like being in charge."

Bobby's dark brows waggled. "Cale gets nervous when you give the orders."

"Don't think I won't ever make demands. I like it when you're both a little embarrassed. Brings you down a peg or two. And it makes me hot as hell knowing you'll do anything to make me happy."

"All worries gone, baby?" Bobby asked, pinching her nipple. "Do you think this will work?"

"It does for me," she said, swallowing hard, because she was trying to work up the courage to tell them she loved them. She

didn't want to be the first. Didn't want to make things awkward, or have them feeling like she was pushing for more than they could give. They'd already showered her in enough lusty, happy affection she knew she could be content.

Cale and Bobby shared a glance, then returned their stares to her. "Someone's gonna have to marry you, you know," Bobby said. "Make you a permanent part of this family."

Shock held her still, and she hoped like hell she wasn't going to cry. Had he read her mind again? "We don't have to decide right now," she said, wanting to reassure them. "And I don't want to choose. I can honestly say I love you both."

Both steady gazes softened. Bobby cleared his throat. "Just what do you love about us, sweetheart?"

"I love you both," she repeated for emphasis. "And I don't think I could be fully happy unless you both loved me back. Bobby, you make me smile and know just how to make me squirm and beg. But I love it best when you let me see the warm, loving man behind the smartass. He makes me melt." She turned. "Cale, you're the rock we both lean on. The one I want when I'm scared. And there's nothing sweeter than spending time with my arms and legs wrapped tight around you. I couldn't choose one of you. And I'd prefer never having to."

"We'll let things lie for now," Cale said. "The two of us will figure out what happens next."

Kate lay between them, holding her breath still because she'd just laid her heart out on a platter. She wanted the words back.

“Well?” she blurted, then bit her lip. Her face heated because she didn’t like practically begging them to return the sentiment.

Bobby palmed her breast, caressing it gently. “Sweetheart, I’ve loved you since I saw your face in the window of that car. I went into the river, ready to sacrifice myself for you. If neither of us made it, I didn’t want you to be alone.”

Her eyes filled slowly.

Cale edged closer, his head coming closer. His lips grazed her cheek. “And I’ve loved you ever since you played possum in the bed while the two of us got all worked up over how pretty you were. You were willing to share the pleasure of being with you with both of us.”

She nodded, satisfied at last. “I thought I was rebounding. That’s why I couldn’t commit before I left. What I felt happened so fast, I thought my emotions were clouded with lust. It wasn’t until I got away and thought about how you both seduced me, so gently, so thoroughly, that I knew I didn’t want to be without either of you.”

Both men released deep sighs. She smiled, blinking back the tears. They shared sheepish smiles.

“You okay with letting us be in charge for a while?” Cale growled.

“We were kinda quick before,” Bobby said, nudging her nipple with his nose. “It was damn embarrassing how fast we came.”

“You didn’t see me minding,” she said, her smile widening.

Two thickening cocks pressed against her hips.

“We can do better,” Bobby drawled. He bent and gave her nipple a kiss, then sat up, coming to his knees. “Come here,” he said, patting his bent thighs.

Cale gave her a wink, and Kate rose, straddling Bobby and scooting so close his cock was trapped between their two bellies. His arms encircled her, their heads drew close. His kiss was warm and sweet, but it was the hard ridge pulsing against her that had her core melting.

Cale’s hands cupped her buttocks from behind and lifted her. Bobby rooted at the breast hovering in front of his mouth, and Kate reached down between them and centered the head of his cock between her slick lips.

Slowly, she sank, dragging Bobby’s lips from her breast. His hands cupped her head and this time their kiss was carnal, voracious, lips sucking, teeth tugging, tongues lashing. Below, she began to rock, up and down, with Cale’s support, as he pressed into her back and kissed her shoulder and the back of her neck.

Bobby leaned back, lifting his hips slightly, letting her use his cock to fuck herself, which she did with gusto, slamming on him, driving down, while she leaned back against Cale who cupped and molded her breasts, twisting nipples until she came unglued.

Bobby snuck two fingers between her legs and pressed them against her clit, circling hard and she came down one last time, rocking shallowly on his cock, grinding and moaning, shudders running up and down her body.

Then Cale soothed her, his hands and lips smoothing over her flesh, waiting while she caught her breath, only to realize the cock

still sunk deep inside her was rigid and Bobby's face was tight, his expression a little wild.

Without breaking their connection, he eased his legs from under him and lay flat. Cale pressed her over Bobby's chest, and she moaned again, knowing what they were going to do. They'd been here before and she'd been left as limp as a noodle buffeted between them both.

"God, I don't know," she said, half laughing.

"You don't have to do a thing," Bobby said, cupping her face.

Her nipples mashed against his smooth chest, she began to rock slowly forward and back, even as Cale began to finger her asshole.

She could do this. Take them both. But she thought she wanted it the other way, both of them stroking her pussy, filling her so tightly it hurt.

"Not my ass," she whispered.

"Can we share your cunt?" said Bobby who was never shy with words.

"Fuck," Cale said, apparently losing the last of his reserve as well. "Gonna be tight," he rasped. "I'm already so hard from watching the two of you." But he didn't wait for her to change her mind; he pushed her harder against Bobby. "Move your knees back a bit, you're too stretched this way."

She slid them back. Cale reached for a pillow and waited while Bobby shoved it under his ass.

Then Cale slipped a finger between Bobby's cock and the back of her entrance, sliding it in her moisture and pulling to stretch her.

It wasn't uncomfortable, not yet, but Bobby's cock was pulsating and her vagina was beginning to ripple again. When Cale came over her, his cock prodded, and fingers tugged at her to make room for him to press inside. She buried her head against Bobby's chest.

"It's okay, baby," Bobby whispered. "We're both gonna fit. Relax while he comes inside." But he gritted his teeth and groaned as Cale shoved inward, sliding up in shallow little drives that had both Bobby and Kate quivering together.

When Cale was seated, she couldn't catch her breath. Her pussy burned.

"Don't know how you managed it, buddy, but I can't move," Bobby gritted out. "Again."

Cale laughed behind her. "I get to do all the work. Just close your eyes and feel."

"It's like having a tree trunk shoved up inside me," Kate groaned.

"Your idea, sweetheart,"

"Must have had something to do with the cold," she said feeling desperate. "We don't fit."

"Sure we do," Cale crooned. "I just gotta move slow."

Sweet hot cream released in a gush, drenching both cocks. The men groaned and Kate gave a pained laugh.

"See?" Cale whispered. "I'm moving easier now."

"Shit, your balls are rubbing on mine," Bobby said, his face screwing tight.

"Do you mind?" Cale muttered.

“Fuck no. Jesus, don’t stop.”

Cale rutted slowly deeper, stroking her inner walls and Bobby’s cock.

“Guys?” she said, her voice thinning.

“Yeah,” came two rumbled grunts.

“I’m coming,” she said and her body went rigid between them as her orgasm sent quivers up and down her channel, caressing them both in liquid heat.

Bobby’s thighs rose and he gave shallow jerks of his pelvis.

Cale crammed in and out and then slowed as Bobby cursed and his head thrashed.

At last, with Bobby’s erection softening, Cale slammed inward, rocking them all until he came.

Kate rested, sandwiched between two hard, sweaty bodies, her pussy pulsing and filled with come and cocks—the nastiest, most fantastic feeling she could have imagined sweeping through her. This was what she had to look forward to. Two inventive, fearless lovers. Her body and her life filled with happiness. With love.

“Imagine how much easier this will be when you start popping out babies?” Cale said, sliding his mouth across her shoulder.

Kate felt her chest jerk, and then a laugh gusted, shaking through them all. Bobby grinned beneath her, his eyebrows arching.

Cale tightened up his arms, still braced around her waist. “What’d I say?” He pulled out and rolled to his back beside them, his face red, but a crooked smile gleaming.

Kate gave Bobby a smile and shook her head. “I’m not moving. If you have to breathe, tough.”

His arms looped around her back, and he heaved a deep sigh. “I’m fine. Everything’s fine. My dick’s limp but gloved in the sweetest little cunt.”

She bit his shoulder. “Behave.” She reached out and clasped Cale’s hand, settling her face on Bobby’s chest but staring at Cale. “I love you.”

“We know,” he said. “Good thing, too. Because we were both set to take a trip to Sacramento and haul your ass back.”

She closed her eyes, her lips still curved. She was sleepy, her body wonderfully warm.

“Do you think she’s gonna get mad when she realizes we left off the condoms again?” Bobby murmured.

She nuzzled against him, drifting off. She hadn’t forgotten. Didn’t give a damn. In fact she hoped that by the next snow’s fall she’d be filled with more than love.

About the Author

Until recently, award-winning erotica and romance author Delilah Devlin lived in South Texas at the intersection of two dry creeks, surrounded by sexy cowboys in Wranglers. These days, she's missing the wide-open skies and starry nights but loving her dark forest in Central Arkansas, with its eccentric characters and isolation—the better to feed her hungry muse! For Delilah, the greatest sin is driving between the lines, because it's comfortable and safe. Her personal journey has taken her through one war and many countries, cultures, jobs, and relationships to bring her to the place where she is now—writing sexy adventures that hold more than a kernel of autobiography and often share a common thread of self-discovery and transformation.

To learn more about Delilah Devlin, please visit www.delilahdevlin.com. Send an email to delilah@delilahdevlin.com or join her Yahoo! group to enter in the fun with other readers as well as Delilah: DelilahsDiary@yahoogroups.com

Look for these titles by Delilah Devlin

Coming Soon:

Stone's Embrace

They're craving something sweet. She likes it spicy.

Glutton for Pleasure

© 2009 Alisha Rai

Devi Malik knows how to heat things up. She does it every night as head chef in her family's Indian restaurant. Her love life, though, is stuck in the subzero freezer. Now, with a chance to fulfill a secret fantasy with her long-time crush and his brother, it's time to put her desire on the front *two* burners.

For Marcus Callahan, a love-'em-and-leave-'em attitude isn't only a necessary evil of their kink. It's a protective device. Lately, though, his brother Jace has been making noises about craving something more.

Jace's dissatisfaction with their lifestyle grows with every glimpse of sweet little Devi. Yet Marcus is too haunted by the pain of their shared past to give love a chance.

Despite their reputation for vanishing with the dawn, they discover one night with Devi isn't nearly enough. And Devi finds herself falling in love with two very different men.

It'll take more than explosive sex to light up the shadows surrounding the Callahan brothers' secrets. But Devi's never been afraid of the dark...

Warning: This title contains two sizzling men for the price of one, ménage a trois, oral sex, anal sex, fun toys, great food, and creative uses for syrup and dressing rooms.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Glutton for Pleasure:

“I didn’t hear you knock.”

Devi spun around, her hand pressed against her chest. “Oh. Marcus. You startled me.”

“I was in the garage.”

He stood in the kitchen doorway in only a pair of unsnapped jeans. A sexy smear of grease highlighted his rock-hard abs. Involuntarily, her gaze slid over his bare chest, the arrow of hair that trailed into his open jeans. She was suddenly all too aware of the little toy she wore, forgotten while she’d toured the house.

“Um, Jace told me to just come on in. He’s upstairs, showering. I hope that’s okay.” He didn’t say anything. “I like your house. Or what I’ve seen of it.”

“Take off your clothes.”

She blinked. “Wow, you’re not one for social niceties, are you?”

“Are you hungry?”

“Not really.”

“Do you want a drink?”

Devi slicked her tongue over her lips. “No. I’m good.”

“Good. Take off your clothes.”

“Marcus.” She frowned, though she really wanted to laugh.

“I want to see if you’re wearing the stimulator.”

“I said I would, and I am.”

“You wore it from the minute we dropped you off?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t believe you.”

Devi stared at him, confused. “What?”

He grinned and slid his hand into his pocket. The first gentle vibration had her legs stiffening in shock. The little box came alive, rubbing against her already-stiffened clit like the finger Jace had likened it to. She relaxed and allowed the slow pleasure to sink into her bones. Marcus didn’t allow her time to appreciate it, and he must have turned a dial up somewhere, because the vibrations against her over-stimulated clit increased in their intensity. She moaned and leaned against the couch, her legs boneless and incapable of supporting her weight.

A low male chuckle reached her. “I think we can believe her.”

She opened her eyes to find Jace standing in the room as well. Clad only in a sexy pair of black boxer briefs, water still glistening on his chest and hair, he watched her with a small smile and narrowed eyes already heated with lust.

Just as her climax yawned before her, the soundless stimulation ended. “What are you doing? Turn that back on, this instant.”

Marcus tsked and walked forward until he stood right in front of her. “Didn’t we discuss you giving us orders?”

Heat rose from his body. All of the relentless unappeased desire from the day welled up inside of her. She frowned at him. “I was about to come.”

“We don’t want you to, yet.”

“I don’t care,” she said waspishly. “Turn that damn thing on again or one of you fuck me here.” Amazing how a couple of days of ceaseless pleasure could lower her inhibitions—she felt no hesitation in making the demand.

“No.” With that simple announcement, Marcus startled Devi by scooping her off her feet.

She shrieked and grabbed on to his shoulders. No one had carried her since she’d been a small child. Pudginess had crept up on her at a young age, so even her father had declined picking her up. “I’m too heavy for you. Put me down.”

He ignored her and spoke to his brother. “Where are the supplies?”

Supplies?

Jace studied her with predatory interest. If she hadn’t already been soaked, that look would have done it. “In my room.”

“Did you hear me? I’m too fat to be carried around like this.”

Marcus walked out of the room and back into the grand entryway. He glanced over his shoulder. “I think the toys were a bad idea. They’ve made her way too contrary.” He jostled her until she tightened her arms around his neck in reaction.

“Stop talking about me like I’m not here. Wreck your back, see if I care. And the toy doesn’t make me contrary. Hours of sexual deprivation make me contrary.”

“Then you should be nicer to the men who are going to end that deprivation,” Marcus explained patiently. “In the meantime, why don’t you pretend your hero is carrying you off to be properly ravished instead of worrying about your damned weight?”

Devi paused. He had a point. Once she thought past her sexual frustration, of course. She relaxed into his arms. “Sorry. I’m not a very good heroine, I guess.”

He handled the dark stairs with ease, not even breathless. He turned right at the top of the stairs and entered a tidy bedroom lit by soft track lighting. Peripherally, she got the impression of heavy wooden furnishings and a huge four-poster bed. Marcus looked down at her, his face cast in shadows. “That’s okay. I’m no hero.”

She slid her palm over his jaw, the slight stubble catching on her skin. “I think you’re doing a pretty good job.”

Devi caught the hardening of Marcus’s jaw under her hand. “Then your judgment sucks.” With that harsh pronouncement, he dropped her on her feet. She stumbled back. The backs of her knees hit the mattress behind her, and she sat down.

Since they were both underdressed to begin with, it didn’t take more than a minute for Marcus to kick off his jeans and Jace to skim his boxer briefs down his legs. After viewing them in the buff so many times now, Devi could make out differences in their physiques that were easier to overlook when they were decent. Jace was an inch or two shorter, his muscles lean while Marcus was bulkier.

In the package department, the twins had been blessed with equally beautiful penises. Man, when she got lucky, she really hit the jackpot. For a second, Devi was overwhelmed with the knowledge that she didn’t just get one of these excellent specimens, she got two.

On loan.

Yeah, yeah, whatever.

“Like what you see?” Jace’s tone was amused and indulgent.

Devi managed to tear her gaze away from his huge member and smiled teasingly. “Always.”

“Take off. Your. Clothes.” Marcus’s hands clenched and unclenched at his side.

She responded to the heat in his gaze and stood up from the bed with a seductive little shimmy. Her shirt and bra she tossed in the same direction as their clothes. Their eyes tracked over the swell of her full breasts, and she tossed her hair. She had damn good boobs.

When her fingers stroked down to the snap of her jeans, though, she hesitated. *Cellulite. Love handles. Dimples.* Her bottom and thighs were not her friends.

Marcus must have mistaken her hesitation for a tease. “All your clothes.”

Devi shot a quick glance to the overhead track lighting, even less forgiving than her bedroom lamp. “I don’t guess you’d consider turning off the light this time?”

“Nope.”

She sighed. “You two are the contrary ones. If I said I wanted the lights on, you’d snap them off in a heartbeat.”

Jace grinned. “Too bad you didn’t think of that before, huh?”

Marcus shot her a disbelieving look. “We’ve seen you naked already, did you forget?”

She squirmed, the air-conditioning cool against her tightened nipples. “I don’t like my butt, that’s all. It’s not attractive.”

Jace squinted at her and wrapped his hand around his bobbing cock. “Do you think we get this hard for unattractive asses?”

“Are you serious? I don’t understand women at all. I like your butt. In fact, I love your butt,” Marcus replied emphatically. “If you take your jeans off, I’ll show you how much I love it. I’ll love it so much, you won’t be able to walk in the morning.”

She gulped and unsnapped the top button. “Let’s not get too hasty, here.”

Marcus walked over until he stood right in front of her. He brushed her hands aside and took over the chore of unzipping the pants. He slid his hands inside the loosened waistband and pushed the jeans down. She wore only the G-string/stimulator. “Too late. You’ve challenged me. I’ll have you loving your ass as much as I do by the end of the night.”

Apprehension and anticipation danced along Devi’s nerve endings, drowning out the twinge of self-consciousness. As her clothes pooled around her feet, Marcus tightened his hands on her waist, picked her up with little effort and tossed her back on the bed. She bounced once and then settled into the giving mattress.

Marcus crawled up her body like a hungry cat, the muscles in his biceps and chest flexing. She twined her arms around his neck and drew his head down to partake of his passionate kiss.

“So sweet,” he breathed against her lips.

One's the loneliest number. Two's company. Three's a fantasy come true.

Tequila Truth

© 2008 Mari Carr

The rules of Tequila Truth are quite simple. Shots are poured, a question asked, and only absolute truth can be the answer. Kylie Halston has been playing the game with her roommates, Colt and Heath, since their freshmen year of college.

On his twenty-fifth birthday, Heath poses a question: “What is your ultimate sex fantasy?” While Colt and Heath’s fantasies are too hot for words, it’s Kylie’s sex dream that hits a little too close to home for all of them. Her wish? For a ménage à trois with two men, complete with bondage and a bit of spanking for good measure.

Colt and Heath are only too willing to make Kylie’s fantasies come true and they make a proposal—one no-holds-barred, sexed-up weekend where nothing is off the menu. The only question is, come Monday, will their platonic relationship survive the passion?

Enjoy the following excerpt for Tequila Truth:

“What is your ultimate sex fantasy?” Heath filled the shot glasses with Jose Cuervo.

Colt grinned while Kylie groaned. “Christ. Surely we’ve answered that one before?” She knew they hadn’t, but this particular question made her uncomfortable. Quite frankly, she didn’t think her two testosterone-laden buddies were ready to hear about her

fantasies. They believed her desires to be somewhat chaste. Silly men.

The trio had been following this same tradition since the early days of their friendship. Kylie initiated the celebration, calling it Tequila Truth, explaining that birthdays should be a time of reflection. The concept of the game was simple. The birthday boy—or girl in her case—posed a question and then each member drank a shot of tequila and answered. The only rule was the answer had to be completely honest.

Unfortunately, her attempt to bring deep introspection to her male roommates fell quite a bit short of the mark. They'd played the game since their freshman year of college and Heath's questions always revolved around sex.

"That's an easy one." Colt licked the salt off his hand, downed the tequila and sucked the lime. Licking his lips, he settled in for a long story. He was nothing if not an imaginative storyteller. "I've got this busty blonde all to myself on a desert island. We're stranded and she's completely at my mercy. Begging me to save her and all that crap. She's wearing nothing but a bikini top and thong, as all of her clothes were ripped off during the shipwreck."

Kylie interrupted at this point. "Holy hell, Colt. Why do these imaginary women of yours always have to be blonde *and* stupid?"

Heath and Colt laughed, but she merely raised her eyebrow, waiting for his response.

Colt stopped laughing when she failed to join in. "Oh, that was a serious question? I thought it was one of those rhetorical ones."

She grinned despite herself. Colt was the ultimate male chauvinist pig and, for some inexplicable reason, she adored him anyway. He and Heath were the best friends she'd ever had and she didn't doubt both of them would lay down their lives for her. They'd mistaken her for a male—Kyle, not Kylie—when she wrote expressing a desire to share an apartment with them during their first year of college.

“So what are you doing to this blonde with questionable intellect?” Heath, as always, was relishing Colt's detailed descriptions.

“Well, I don't know if you know this about me or not, but I'm a man who likes to be in control.”

She gasped, as if amazed, and laid her hand on her heart. “No, absolutely not. I will *never* believe that of you.”

He grinned at her sarcasm and continued. “There's some rope that's washed up from the shipwreck and this chick is hot for me. I mean way hot. She starts begging me to take her.”

At this point in his story Kylie faked a bored yawn, but he continued anyway. “I grab the rope and take her over to a coconut tree. I throw the rope over one of the low-lying branches and tie her hands above her head.”

“Have you ever seen a coconut tree?” she asked. “The branches are miles off the ground.”

“Shit, it doesn't matter what kind of tree. Kylie, will you let me finish?”

“Fine,” she answered shortly, pressing her thighs together. The problem with his fantasy was she knew exactly where it was going

and she would be hard-pressed to hide her reaction. The idea of being tied up and left completely at a man's mercy was certainly pretty high on her list of fantasies as well. Definitely in the top five.

"So I tie her to the tree with her hands above her head. She's helpless that way and her whole body is mine to explore and possess. I pull the thong down her legs and throw it into the sea. I tell her on this island, she'll always be naked, that she will never hide her body from me. I can tell she likes the way I'm talking to her, all stern and powerful and shit, because she starts squirming and whimpering."

Kylie struggled to stop reacting in completely the same way.

"I tell her to open her legs and she does. When I touch her, the woman is dripping wet and hotter than hell. I nearly come in my pants right there because I want her so bad. I reach into the back pocket of my ripped-up shorts and pull out a knife."

He paused briefly and looked at her. No doubt he expected her to make some smartass comment about the convenience of having a knife, but she was struggling to catch her breath, overwhelmed by her own arousal.

Colt, satisfied with her silence, continued talking. "I use the knife to cut off her bikini top and I have to step away because I'm telling you this girl is stacked, with a capital S. She's got these enormous big brown nipples and they are pointing straight at me."

He continued describing the woman's body in detail until finally she cried, "Enough. I think we get the picture."

"I'm not sure I do," Heath joked and she sent him a nasty look. "Maybe visuals would help. I've got some dirty magazines in my

closet leftover from high school days. We could find a model who fits your description.”

“Can I help it if I’m a breast man?” Colt asked the question with a look of injured innocence that fooled her not one bit.

“That’s a rhetorical question, right?” she asked and then lifted her hand in a gesture that said *continue*.

“Well, I was going to go in to detail about how I suck the life out of those babies, but I can skip ahead. You get the picture.”

“Hell yeah, I do. This fantasy is a thing of beauty.” Heath sighed with appreciation apparently enjoying Colt’s answer to his question.

“So once we’re both good and hot, I take off my shorts and tell her to wrap her legs around my waist. She’s holding on to the rope around her wrists and this woman is strong. She uses her toned legs and arms to fuck the hell out of my cock while she’s hanging there naked from the tree. She’s driving her cunt down on me hard and it’s all I can do to hold on to her hips.”

She swallowed hard as she imagined the woman riding him. Problem was the blonde wasn’t a blonde, but a redhead who looked suspiciously like her.

Heath adjusted his pants under the table without bothering to hide his arousal. If there was one thing she had gotten used to in seven years of living with these men, it was that they were always functioning at half-mast. Shit, a strong breeze could arouse her roommates—she never ceased to be amazed by their intense sexuality. Over the years, she’d watched the revolving door of women who passed in and out of their lives and she’d heard enough

moaning and banging headboards through the walls to last her a lifetime.

She consoled herself with the thought that through it all, she was the one constant woman in Colt and Heath's lives. Through college graduation and first jobs, broken hearts and promotions, she was the steady one, the reliable one, their buddy with boobs.

"That was hot, Colt, but not as hot as mine." Heath poured another round of shots.

"So hit us with your best shot." Colt picked up his tequila, clearly enjoying his pun and ready to continue with the drinking part of the celebration.

Heath drank his tequila shot and leaned forward. "In my fantasy, I've got this smokin' hot babe spread across my lap and I'm spanking her full, firm ass. It's flushed red with my handprint and she's moving into my smacks while her arousal is dripping down her legs. She's begging me for more and I'm giving it to her. Then she starts pleading for my hard cock. When I think she's been punished enough, I push her down to the floor and tell her get on her hands and knees. Then I fuck her from behind, hard and fast. She's so hot she's burning the flesh off me, but I don't care. I keep pounding into her tight cunt, while she's crying and screaming for more."

She sat motionless after his fantasy for several moments before she realized her mouth was gaping and she closed it.

Colt shook his head in obvious disgust. "That's the problem with you, Heath. No foreplay. That was the worst description of a fantasy I've ever heard. You don't build the scene or give good

descriptions. You just go straight to the climax, so to speak.” When he finished chuckling about his second pun, he pushed her shot glass closer to her. “So what about you, little darlin’?”

Taking a deep breath, she licked the salt, swallowed the burning alcohol and skipped the lime. Before she could think about it, she heard her unspoken dream falling out of her mouth.

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